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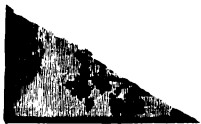
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NORFOLK & SUFFOLK.

BY
HARRY BRITAIN.

WITH SECTIONAL MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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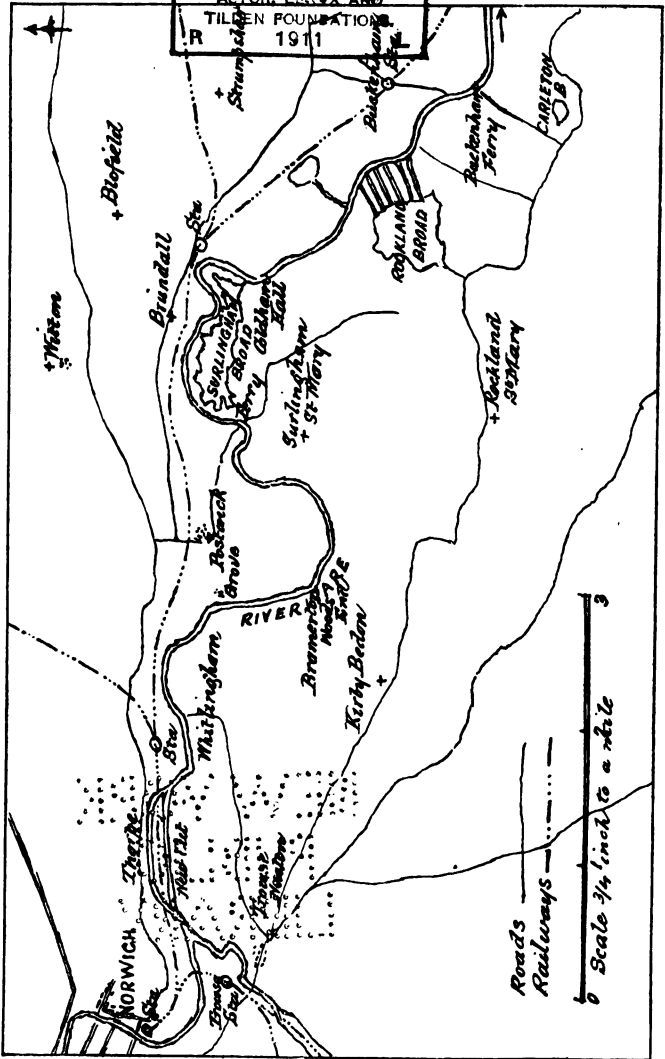
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PREFACE.

In one of the early issues of "Hood's Annual," the great humorist said in his introduction, "It would be very desirable if one could serve a preface as Ulysses treated Polyphemus—and knock its 'I' out." In my own case the personal pronoun must of necessity run through the whole work, although in writing it "I" frequently wished this could be dispensed with.

Very probably, as a result of the publication of this guide, a good many of the public will be induced to visit the "Broads and Rivers" in the coming summer. To any such who really come to Norfolk, I wish in this most prominent page to say that all the Broads are not free, and that although a quiet row is not as a rule objected to, fishing is strictly prohibited on private waters. Piscators need not think, however, that they had better be on the right side and keep away altogether, as nowhere in England can better free fishing be found, and, as a matter of fact, the law of trespass need not be infringed to secure fine catches.

3 *I am conscious that there may be many deficiencies in my book, and although I have endeavoured to give information on every point, I may have left out some details which should have received attention. If such there be, I wish to say it will afford me very great pleasure to answer any letters on the subject from bona-fide intending tourists, merely hinting that such enquiries must be of as general a character as possible.*

Most likely in the future I may have something more to say on our "East Anglian Lakeland," and I should be glad to receive any information on the subject in all its various bearings.

Norwich, May, 1887.

HARRY BRITAIN.

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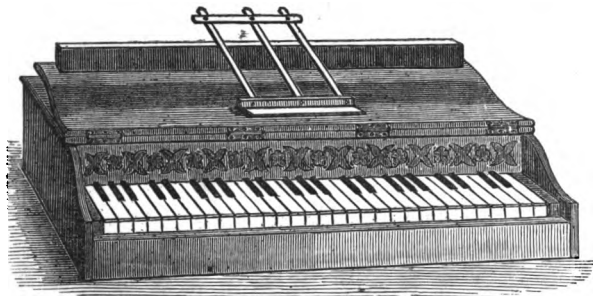
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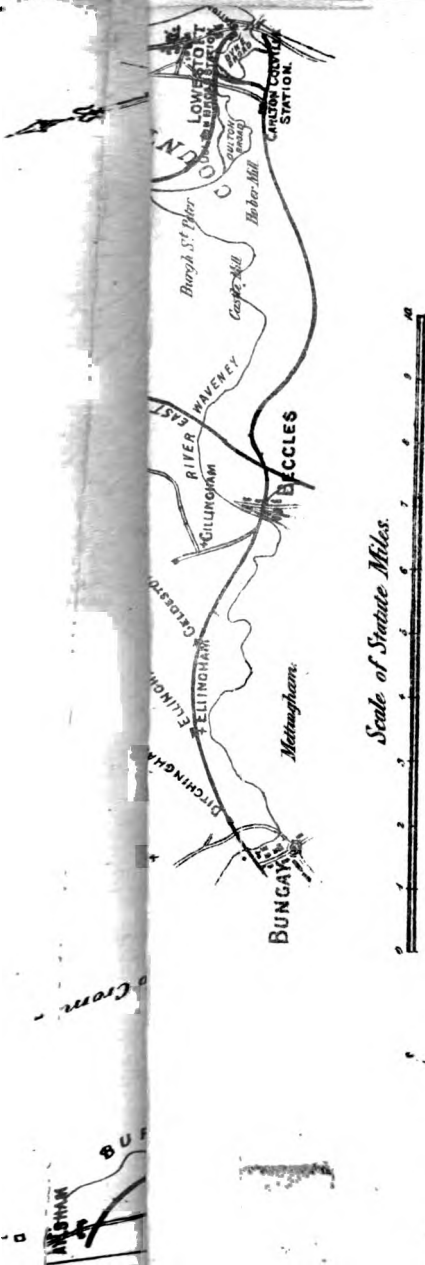


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N O T E S
ON THE
BROADS AND RIVERS
OF
NORFOLK & SUFFOLK.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Perhaps the best place to get an idea of the "magnificent heritage of waters" of which we Norfolk men are so proud to boast is from Gorleston Pierhead. A stranger to the district who takes his stand at the point I have indicated will be struck by the enormous volume of water the ebb brings down, and which there weds itself to the ocean. Enormous, indeed, is the only word which adequately describes the torrent. Of the rivers which thus find outlet to the sea I shall have something to say very shortly, but it will probably be hardly credited that the united drainage of no less an area than one thousand four

hundred square miles is represented by the Yare as it empties at Yarmouth. The rivers are navigable for about two hundred miles of their courses, and are supplemented at various points by large fresh-water lakes, locally known as "Broads," which are computed to cover five thousand acres. Frequent notices in all the leading daily and weekly papers and magazines have helped to make these waters very popular of late years, and the Broads and Rivers of Norfolk and Suffolk are now firmly established as a holiday resort. Several guides, of which only one can really claim to be authoritative, have also materially conduced to popularise the district. In the present work I intend giving an account of a trip I took in my yacht the Buttercup last season, accompanied by a friend who is quite as enthusiastic on Norfolk yachting as I am. I have thought it better to give all the information I can in the narrative itself, as to cut the subject up and tabulate the various details would constitute a task as distasteful as I anticipate my own plan will be otherwise.

The streams of Norfolk and Suffolk which flow into the sea at Yarmouth are seven in number. Three of these—the Yare, Waveney, and Bure—may be considered main rivers, and I will endeavour to give a rough idea of their relative positions in the order named, which the general chart accompanying this book will help to make understood. The Yare, to which all the others are tributary, rises at Shipdham, and becomes a navigable stream at Trowse Hythe, about two miles from Norwich, where it is joined by the Wensum. It then flows in a south-easterly direction as far as Reedham, just above which it is supplemented by a

tiny stream coming from Loddon, called the Chet. From Reedham the Yare takes a sudden turn, and for the rest of its course to Yarmouth runs to the north-east. The river that now claims our attention is the Waveney, which, rising in Lopham Fen, becomes a navigable stream at Bungay, and joins the main river at Burgh Flats. Its navigable course is forty-eight miles. Last, but certainly not least (either in size or interest), on our list is the Bure, which springs into existence at Briston and Hindolvestone. This river is navigable for craft of very light draught from Buxton downwards. Its course is generally south-easterly, till its waters become mingled in the Yare at the extreme east of Breydon Water at Yarmouth. This stream, with its two tributaries, the Ant and Thurn, drains what may be called the "Broad" district proper, as by far the greater number of these lakes are reached by means of the rivers mentioned.

Having thus roughly disposed of the water-courses, I will endeavour to show how the Broads are distributed. Although finally receiving all their waters, the Yare can only claim two—Surlingham and Rockland. The Lothingland district also has two, Oulton and Fritton. The North River section is, as I have already said, very much the most extensive. Connected directly with this stream is a line of Broads stretching from South Walsham to Wroxham—a distance of ten miles. The Ant drains a beautiful lake called Barton, and a very much smaller one named after the village of Stalham, from which it is separated by a dyke. The Thurn, or Hundred Stream, receives the waters of Hickling, Horsey Mere, Heigham Sounds, Somerton, Womack, &c.

Last for our consideration is the Filby, Ormesby, and Rollesby section, which finds outlet to the Bure below Acle Bridge, through a channel called the Muck Fleet.

Having gained a little idea of some of the waterways of Norfolk and Suffolk, and made up his mind to spend his holiday thereon, the reader will probably enquire where he is to go for a ship in which to make the journeys. Oulton, Norwich, Yarmouth, and Wroxham are the chief letting centres, and a yacht to accommodate three or four, with all necessary culinary utensils, plate, table-linen, &c., may be hired for £5 5/ a-week, which, I should add, includes the man's wages and use of dinghey. If a large party is being made up of, say, ten or a dozen, the Norfolk wherry is the most suitable craft afloat. These barges are as comfortable as a Thames house-boat, with the great added advantage of affording extreme facility for getting from place to place. The charm which female society adds to everything can also by their means be enjoyed, as in all the wherries separate apartments are devoted to ladies' use. In the main cabins (I had almost written "state cabins," so nicely are some furnished and decorated; I know of one which is actually panelled in oak) a piano is generally to be found, and on the inevitable "wet day" a capital stove provides the "good companionable friend" which afloat, as well as ashore, is so much appreciated by comfort-loving Englishmen. Of course, as a yacht-owner, I very much prefer the fun of sailing a cutter to a wherry, although, even in the latter, I have enjoyed great excitement sometimes; but on one point I am bound to admit our larger rivals beat us. This consists in their ability to explore the most remote parts of the district. In

my own craft I can go almost everywhere, but must confess myself outdone in this particular by many a wherry of three or four times the Buttercup's tonnage.

The way in which the number of wherry yachts has multiplied within the last three seasons is excellent proof of their popularity, and a description of the best, if not the largest, specimen of these floating hotels may be deemed of interest. The craft I refer to is called the Zoe, and is 40 tons burden. Unlike most of the pleasure wherries, she is not used for trading purposes during the winter months—indeed, all her oak fittings are permanent fixtures. Six or eight persons would find ample accommodation, but for a lengthened cruise a party of six would be recommended; this is, however, purely a matter of taste, as the following details of her interior arrangements will show. The ladies' cabin is fitted with two brass bedsteads with wire spring mattresses, and is furnished with washhandstand (water laid on), writing-desk, plenty of drawers, &c. Should more than two ladies be in the party, there are additional mattresses to accommodate the same number which fix on the cabin floor. The lavatory on board is complete with every modern yacht appliance, so that the sanitary arrangements are perfect. In the main hatchway a bath is fitted when required. This is supplied with water from tanks on board, and through a tap fixed for the purpose, all waste runs into the bilge. The main cabin is fifteen feet long by eleven wide, and has six feet headroom. In this apartment, particularly, luxury is combined with comfort, and, in fact, it may more properly be called the "saloon." The men's quarters and cooking-galley are at the stern (the stove, I should say, is easily

capable of cooking for twelve), and are entirely separate from the rest of the vessel, although communication is rendered easy by aid of electric bells.

I have recently had the pleasure of inspecting this beautiful craft, and her owner took particular pains to explain the various "points." To all of these I fear I may not have done justice, but it will be gathered from what I have written that a trip on the Norfolk waters in such a craft is attended with no loss of any of the comforts of life.

CHAPTER II.

NORWICH TO LOWESTOFT.

“There’s no mistake about it ; I *am* counting on my holiday this year !”

This was the remark addressed to the skipper of the yacht *Buttercup* (at the end of a long controversy as to victualling the yacht) for certainly the twentieth time by Jack Y——, one of the best-hearted fellows in the world.

Of course an individual of such a character deserves a very special introduction, although, truth to tell, he should by this time be tolerably well known to the British public, as he has nearly always been one of the crew in the skipper’s published trips. I hope, therefore, my readers will dispense with the usual formalities, and as we are about to “rough” it together for fifteen days, make themselves as much at home on board the yacht as Jack himself.

The commissariat department was complete the day before starting, with the exception of a supply of fresh meat, &c., &c., which was, of course, prepared at home, and not sent down till the last minute, and as we intended to make the most of our time, we elected to sleep on board the same night, so as to make every thing snug, and be ready for action the first thing next morning.

I think I was the first to wake, and as on glancing at my watch I found it was six o'clock, I called John, who was out of his berth and into the river in a little less than no time. Unfortunately, I had a nasty headache, and did not feel well enough to follow his example.

"Never mind," said Jack, as he rubbed himself down ; "you'll soon forget all about it when we get under weigh."

I expressed the hope that I might, and then set to work to get the breakfast-things on the table, whilst our man George busied himself "for'ard" in making coffee and boiling eggs. A minute or two later, as I stood watching George down the forepeak, Jack called, "Where's the mustard?"

"Right-hand upper lockers as you go into the cabin," I answered, and had forgotten both query and reply, when presently a violent interjection from my chum induced me to walk aft and see what was the matter. On looking into the cabin I couldn't help roaring with laughter at the sight which met my eyes. Poor Johnny, in opening a tin of the before-mentioned condiment, had made a nice muddle of it, and his white flannel unmentionables were nearly covered with the yellow powder, whilst the floor was almost as bad. The mop speedily cleared up the latter, but the former were fated to retain a variegated appearance for days—much to the disgust of their wearer.

During our first breakfast we discussed the day's programme, and announced to George our determination to sail to Lowestoft that day if possible.

"Very sorry, sir ; can't be done with this wind," was the rather discouraging retort.

"We shan't lose anything by having a good try, any

way," I said, "and in any case I intend to be under weigh by eight sharp."

"Always supposing Braddy turns up in time," suggested John.

"Braddy," be it known, is the name by which one of the fixed crew of the Buttercup is called, and who had been invited to spend the day with us. It had been arranged that he should join the boat at 7.30 precisely, and, much to our surprise, before the sound of the church clock chiming the half-hour had died away, Braddy was hailing us from the opposite side of the river. "Honourable commendations" were liberally bestowed on him for his unusual punctuality; our friend bowed his acknowledgments, and then disappeared inside to discuss the ham and eggs waiting his attention.

Whilst he is busy in the cabin, and George making ready for a start, I will endeavour to tell our exact whereabouts. Reference to the map will show about a mile and a-half from Norwich, and near Thorpe St Andrew, two water-courses, separated by an island, along which the railway runs. The one to the south, at the extreme east of which the Buttercup was lying, is artificial, and was constructed by the Railway Company in order to keep the navigation open and unobstructed.

Visitors who elect to start from Whitlingham should not omit to have a look round the capital of East Anglia, the "city of gardens." It does not come within my province to write any sort of guide to Norwich, so I must content myself with naming just a few of the "lions." The chief of these are the Cathedral and the Castle, but St Andrew's Hall (said to be the finest Gothic hall in the kingdom) and

St Peter's Church (which has recently been restored) should certainly be seen. Of course there are a number of minor attractions, but as most tourists to this part of the country come for the rivers and not the towns, I do not think it would be advisable to enlarge further on my native city. There is one suggestion I would make, however—and as this will bring me back to my favourite element, I don't think I shall be voted "out of order"—which is, that if a day, or even half-a-day, can be spared, it should be spent on what is locally called the "Back River." The river is so named in consequence of being behind (or above) the New Mills at Norwich, beyond which it is not navigable. Boats can be hired for the purpose in Heigham, and I am quite confident in saying the trip will be thoroughly enjoyed. The scenery is of a very charming character, and one stretch, called "Weston's-reach," is simply lovely; for nearly its whole length it is covered by the branches of trees, and in the height of the summer is not surpassed by any similar spot in this land of rivers. I had nearly forgotten to add that Monday or Saturday should not be selected for this excursion, as on both days the followers of St Crispin (in a limited sense only—that of calling), of whom there are thousands in the city, especially affect the stream, and exhibitions of rowdyism are not infrequent.

To return to my crew and the Buttercup. As the clock struck eight we were fairly under weigh, and congratulated ourselves on making a clean start so punctually. In the Whitlingham-reach we were becalmed for a short time under the lee of the hills, but once clear of these, we bowled along splendidly. Passing down stream, and on the left, a

picturesque cottage, called the "Monkey-house," where a ferry formerly existed, will attract notice. A little further down is Postwick-grove, a rare place for picnics, and much appreciated by Norvicensians, is sure to engage attention.

Just below Bramerton—famous for its "crag," which the British Association journeyed to see in 1868—we overtook and passed a wherry, whose single occupant barely returned our morning salutation. As we gradually drew away, his want of civility was commented on as being contrary to what one usually receives from his class. When our lead had increased to quite half-a-mile, we could see something had happened, as the wherry was quite stationary. Presently some one laughingly said, "I'm blessed if the old 'hunks' isn't on the mud; and it serves him right for being so grumpy!"

"Yes," said George, "and so are we, and it serves us right for laughing at others' misfortunes."

Sure enough, we were on the putty, and only after a good deal of work with the Norfolk yachtsman's friend, the quant, did we succeed in clearing ourselves.

A little further down stream, Surlingham Ferry, a favourite boating and fishing-station, was duly noted. From this point the Yare fishery may be said to commence, and Fred. Chapman, of the Ferry House, where comfortable quarters will be found, will do anything in his power to oblige strangers.

Just below the ferry, John was taken with a fishing mania, and vowed he would catch a pike for dinner. So he dived into the cabin for rod and line, and presently started spinning. Unfortunately for his resolution, the fish were

not on the feed, and at last, a sadder and colder man, he packed up in disgust. Passing Brundall, the winter home of the Buttercup, we gave Messrs Flowers' men a salute, which of course they returned. We hoped to have been able to stop here, but came to the conclusion it would not be wise to do so. I must not, however, omit to say that good headquarters will be found at the Yare Hotel, and a large supply of capital *new* boats, of a little less clumsy type than usual. Brundall Railway-station directly adjoins Messrs. Flowers' estate, and is also the stopping-place for "Coldham Hall," a famous fishing hostel about three-quarters of a mile down the river.

I don't doubt a great many who follow in our footsteps (I am afraid this sounds a little bit Irish—but let it pass) will wonder how it is we did not stop at any of the river-side inns, instead of pushing on in such a tremendous hurry for Lowestoft. The fact is, we knew every inch of the river and the two Broads which, as I said in my first chapter, the Yare drains.

I should have called attention to the entrances to Surlingham, of which there are two—one above, the other below, Brundall—but on the opposite side of the river.

Leaving Coldham Hall behind, one fairly enters on the marsh district, and for the rest of the way down stream the landscape is of a less varied character. Instead of pleasantly-wooded slopes and groves, nothing but a wide expanse of waving reed and grass meets the eye on either bank of the now stately river. It would be going beyond the scope of this work to speculate what this district was like a thousand years ago, when the hills far away on either side probably kept in

bounds the ancient estuary, Garruenos, but I have often pictured to myself what a magnificent sight the view from the uplands must have been.

As we neared Buckenham Ferry, it became a question whether we should stop for luncheon or have it "on the way," but as we were bent on saving every minute we could, we adopted the latter plan.

Buckenham is the railway-station for the "ferry," and the house will be found very central for the piscator, as Rockland Broad, where free fishing will be found, is only about a mile or a mile and a-half up stream.

Very nearly three miles below Buckenham, Langley Dyke branches from the river. If the visitor happens to be of an archæological turn of mind, he will do well to stop the yacht and take a row up this dyke, as within a few minutes' walk of its end the ruins of Langley Abbey will be found. Permission to inspect these ruins will be granted on application at the farm-house near, and I venture to predict that any one who takes the trouble to do this will be amply repaid.

As we passed Cantley Red House (within about a stone's-throw of the railway) we noticed a number of fishing parties, but in answer to our enquiries were told the fish were not biting, although it is considered a good spot. In Cantley-reach an annual regatta of the Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club is held, and its great width is sure to attract notice. No finer reach for racing can be found in all Norfolk, and as we tacked through it, the Buttercup passed three wherries, the men on board which took it as a good joke, and one asked if we would "give him a tow."

About three miles down stream, Hardley Cross, at the

mouth of the river Chet, marking the termination of the Norwich jurisdiction, is a very prominent landmark. Connected with Hardley Cross, a curious proclamation, dating certainly as far back as Queen Elizabeth's time (and probably of even an earlier day still) is read once a-year to the Corporation of Norwich, who by the annual repetition of this form may have preserved to themselves rights which, if it were possible, the town of Yarmouth would long ago have probably infringed, as the relative jurisdictions of the two towns here meet. The story of the struggle for supremacy on the river is a long one, and perhaps it is not well to rake up such very old grievances, but traces of the feud exist to this day, as the reports of the Port and Haven Commission meetings will amply testify. Those with a fondness for old charters, and the memories of a long forgotten past they preserve, may like to have the words of the proclamation, which run as follows:—

“OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ!

“If there be any manner of person that will absume, purfy, implead, or present any action, suit, plaint, or plea, for any offence, trespass, or misdemeanour done or committed upon the Queen's Majesty's River of Wenson, let him repair unto the Right Worshipful Mr Mayor and the Worshipful Sheriff of the City of Norwich for the redress thereof, and he shall be heard.

“*God Save the Queen.*”

The two words “absume” and “purfy” will probably call for comment from etymologists, and I regret I cannot throw any light on their meaning. Some years ago, and during one of the annual surveys of the river, a gentleman present asked the Town Clerk what he would do if any one appeared before the Mayor and requested permission to “absume” or “purfy.” “Tell him to do it,” was the reply, and it was certainly the quickest way out of the difficulty, although history does not record if further enquiries were made.

From the Cross downwards there is nothing calling for comment till Reedham Ferry, the last of the ferries on this river, is passed. As we neared Reedham swing railway-bridge, we were disgusted to see the red flag up. This meant stopping till the train had passed, and quite twenty minutes were lost by this delay. Getting under weigh again, we soon made the Cut. This is an artificial channel connecting the Yare with the Waveney, and later on I shall have something to say of how and why it was constructed. It is about two miles and a-half long, and is crossed at its eastern end by a lift-bridge, which the keepers are always dilatory in opening. The present instance was no exception to the rule, and although we tried the expedient of shouting in chorus when about a quarter of a-mile away, our vocal exertions proved unavailing. I don't think I am exaggerating when I say we were within a dozen lengths before a soul appeared, and the sides of the bridge were much nearer to my sails than I liked when we passed through.

This is the only place on the rivers where any toll has to be paid (excepting the locks), and this is collected in a very curious way. What is called the nose-bag is held out at the end of a long pole, and one of the yacht's crew has to stand ready to drop the shilling as the yacht passes. "You didn't say you'd put eighteenpence in, did you?" called one of the porters as we sailed away, and I scarcely need say he was right in his assumption.

A few hundred yards from the bridge we entered on the river Waveney, and were pleased to find Herringfleet swing-bridge open. It is a curious fact that the huge structures of the Herringfleet type are worked with much greater celerity

than the comparatively tiny bridge at Haddiscoe, although in both cases railway-men are employed.

After passing Somerleyton we began to see evidences of yachting, which, as we neared Oulton Dyke, became more and more frequent; when we reached Oulton Broad it was quite lively with yachts of all tonnage. We ran straight across and made for the lock, and as we lay to, several yachting friends strolled down to the boat and enquired how far we had come. The passage was voted a good one, and my determination to pass through was received with surprise.

“How far do you intend going?” asked one—the captain of the fastest open boat in these parts.

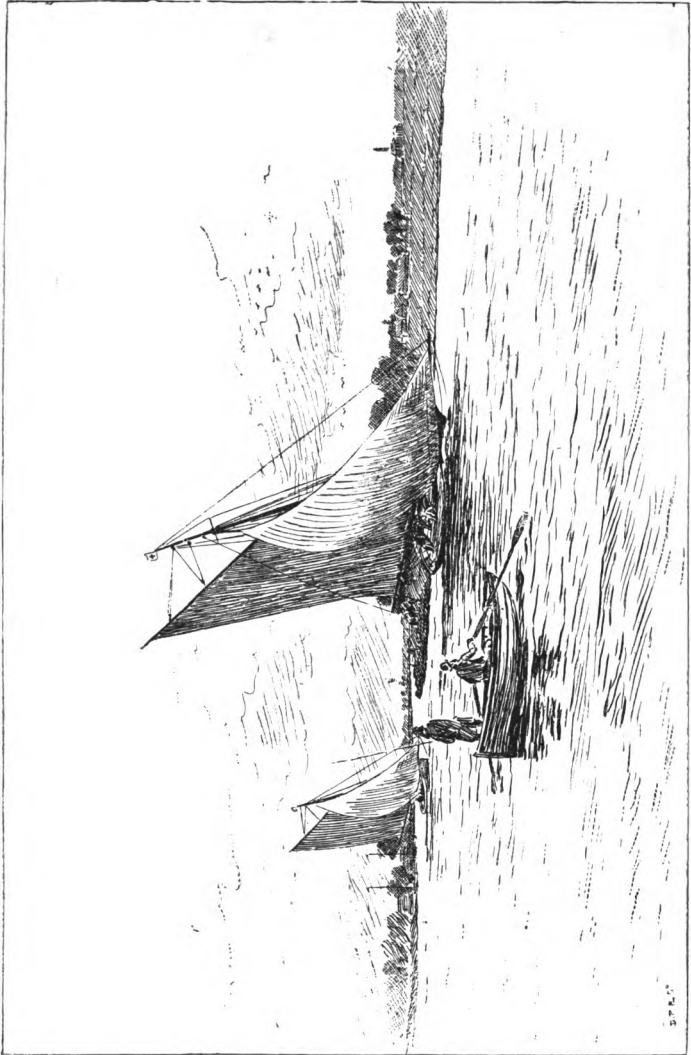
“Just into the basin, so as to be ready for a long day in the open to-morrow,” was the reply.

Meanwhile the Buttercup had been floated into the lock, and as there happened to be very little difference in the levels, we were soon again under canvas.

We were now on salt water, and Lake Lothing looked really fine as we scampered over its far-reaching surface. Towards its eastern end Lowestoft Inner Harbour commences, and the shipping stretches in a continuous line to the town itself. As we passed between the long stretch of vessels we found much to interest and attract. A wherry lying alongside a big ship invited comparison. On the inland rivers it would have seemed a veritable Goliath, but here, surrounded by sea-going craft, its proportions appeared liliputian. A week or so before, a large steam collier, called the Erasmus Wilson, had been run into and sunk off Lowestoft, but after clearing the coals out she was floated and brought into harbour. The enormous hole in her side had been patched up, and as the

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CANTLEY REACH.

Buttercup sailed by we had ample opportunity of seeing the extent of the mischief.

Fortunately the bridge connecting North and South Lowestoft was opened just in time for us, and at exactly half-past four we were clear of the piers and fairly out at sea. Taking into consideration that we had had contrary winds a good part of the way, I must confess I was pleased with the boat's performance, and did not forget to mention the contrary predictions of the morning.

"Before we start to-morrow we must make a little alteration in the trim of the yacht," said George, as the bowsprit showed signs of dipping, although not enough to cause any inconvenience.

When just below Pakefield we went about and made for Lowestoft Harbour again, as we wished to have everything snug in good time. Shooting between the piers, we lowered our mainsail and ran under the jib alone to the Inner Basin, which is, during the season, entirely devoted to yachts. We had nearly reached this, when John, in endeavouring to give the dinghey a longer line, and so prevent her bumping against the stern of the yacht, was severely cut in the hand. A heavy swell just at the wrong moment lifted the boat, jamming his hand between it and the yacht's taffrail, and an awful gash was the result. Honestly speaking, I think Jack was more upset at being disabled just as his services would have been so much in requisition, than at the personal inconvenience and pain he suffered, although this must have been very great.

The basin was so full of yachts of all tonnage that we had a little difficulty in finding a place, but at last managed to squeeze in between a "five" and a "fifteen." Mooring

c

here is rather a more difficult process than the simple expedient of sticking two rond-hooks into the banks, as we do on the rivers. Two lines (and they must be of good length) are taken from the bow to dolphins on either side, and for the stern the Great Eastern Railway Company provide an enormous hawser stretching the whole length of the Harbour, to which in a similar way lines are attached from the boat. All this is much easier said than done, but the result is to make the yachts all but immovable, and so prevent the possibility of their chafing one against another.

Whilst we were preparing dinner, George made the discovery that we were without fresh water, so he rowed to the recently-erected Yacht Club-house, and presently returned with an ample supply for two days. Although we rather chafed at the delay this occasioned, we fully appreciated the excellent cup of tea which rewarded our patience.

The Harbour that night presented a wonderful appearance. As each wave broke against the massive piers a shower of phosphorescent spray illumined its crest, and the glittering particles of pale blue light seemed to dance attendance in the wake. This phenomenon is not by any means an unusual one; but I have never seen a more brilliant exhibition of its fairylike effects. As we rowed across to the landing-steps we feathered our oars, and a translucent stream of light completely encircled the little craft as she shot through the water.

Concerning Lowestoft Pier, Clement Scott, in one of his charming "Poppy Land" papers, says it is "not one of those meaningless, lengthy jetties that jut out into the sea and so seriously disfigure the prospect, not a stretch of boards and piles, with a beginning, a middle, and an ending that can be

indefinitely prolonged, but a pier that encloses a basin, a pier at whose side yachts lie at anchor, and from whose steps gaily-dressed young ladies start to row or sail." All who know the splendid structure successive enterprises have given the town, and which in the hands of the Railway Company has been so largely developed, will agree that a more delightful promenade could hardly be desired. After strolling up and down its entire length several times, we accompanied Braddy to the Station to see him off, and then returned to the yacht.

Our friend, in wishing us good-bye, had predicted all sorts of consequences if we slept on board. All I can say is, we were fast asleep very shortly after the lights were extinguished, and I can only just remember receiving a negative reply to my question, "Is your hand any worse, John?" when all became a blank.

CHAPTER III.

DIGRESSIONAL AND OTHERWISE.

“Don't forget, George; he must know the entrance to Southwold Harbour thoroughly.”

An affirmative wave of the hand and a shout of “All right!” was the only reply my last reminder received, as the jolly became lost in the maze of yachts, and we turned down the Pier with our bathing impedimenta slung across our shoulders. This ambiguous dialogue requires explanation, and as we walk towards Pakefield to the bathing-place I may as well say we proposed sailing to Southwold, and as George did not know the coast so far, we decided on engaging a man who would be able to pilot us.

Whilst on the whole we thoroughly enjoyed our bath, I must confess the shingle bruised (I don't think it actually cut) our feet terribly, and as we strolled back to the yacht we made up our minds not to repeat the dose next morning.

“Good morning, sir. Hope you enjoyed your constitutional,” were the words which greeted our return, and the speaker, whom George introduced as “the man,” took the painter and made fast the dinghey as we stepped on board.

“Well, do you know the way into Southwold?”

“Yes, sir, but I shan't risk taking you. To my certain

knowledge three fishing-boats have been shut up there for the last fortnight."

This was rather a poser, as we very much reckoned on a long day outside, and I had made up my mind to look in at the little seaport, as one item in the day's programme.

"Beg pardon; you'd better leave the dinghey behind and take my boat as well as me," suggested our new-found friend. "I'll do the lot for a pound," he added confidentially.

Telling as this bait was evidently intended to be, I didn't quite fall in with the idea, although it was further supplemented by well (though roughly) drawn pictures of the ease with which we should be able to land in the larger craft.

"It comes to this: if we can't go ashore in our own jolly, we'll stay on the yacht, and I should like to start directly."

So the question of terms, "minus the boat," was settled to the satisfaction of both parties, and by nine o'clock we were under weigh, with two reefs down in the sails.

William Stone, or Billy Hardname, as the latest addition to the Buttercup's crew facetiously called himself, proved quite an original. He had known Lowestoft all his life, and his opinion of the town somewhat resembled Peggotty's idea of Yarmouth, and if he didn't exactly say it "was, upon the whole, the finest place in the universe," his description of the "Queen of Eastern Watering Places" was very highly painted.

Although we had reduced our sail area by nearly a half, we found we had quite enough canvas, as there was rather a heavy sea on. I should have said that before starting we

shifted several hundredweight of ballast to the stern-sheets of the yacht, and the alteration entirely stopped the tendency she had showed the day before to dip.

As we passed by Southwold we found it utterly impossible to get in, as the sea was breaking clean across the bar. Just inside the Harbour we could see the masts of the three imprisoned fishing-boats Stone had spoken of before we started, and he didn't forget to draw our attention to this confirmation of his statement.

Five miles below Southwold the lofty tower of a ruined church stands out very prominently on the coast-line. These ruins, which are all that remain of All Saints' Church, are amongst the surviving evidences of the greatness of Dunwich, anciently the capital of East Anglia, and we determined on making a closer inspection. The yacht was shot into the wind, and beyond slightly drifting with the tide, became stationary, so Jack and I embarked in the little dinghey and made for the shore. Landing was not by any means so difficult and dangerous a proceeding as "Billy Hardname" had predicted, and we were scarcely splashed when (after hauling the boat out of reach of the breakers) we started along the path which leads up the steep sides of the lofty cliff. When we reached the summit we turned to look at the Buttercup, which appeared very small as she stood away from land. Presently George, who was standing on the stern-sheets of the yacht, became very excited, and pointed to the beach at our feet. Looking down we saw—— But here my powers of description fall short, and I confess myself at a loss to put into words the sight which met our eyes. Readers of ancient mythology may possibly remember the two (or were there

three ?) damsels of the Island of Caprea in the Mediterranean, whose wonderful powers of vocalisation were so entrancing that any who sailed by became overcome by ecstasy and died. Well, the three Dunwich sirens who were disporting in Sole Bay were not *quite* so fascinating, and we did *not* gently expire, in the orthodox way, to slow music, but all the same we were temporarily allured by the enchantment of the view, to which, mayhap, distance lent a helping hand.

Tearing ourselves with difficulty from the sight of so much loveliness, we turned to the more sombre relics of a bygone day. As I have said before, the church which crowns the brow of the cliff is, or rather was, dedicated to All Saints. The square tower is in a very fair state of preservation, but of the nave of the church nothing remains but the bare walls. We were much surprised to see the comparatively recent dates on some of the tombstones, indicating that the churchyard had been used as a place of interment for many years subsequent to the ultimate disuse of the sacred edifice towards the end of the "fifties" of the last century.

According to Lewis' "Topographical Dictionary of England," Dunwich anciently "contained more than fifty religious foundations, including churches, chapels, priories, and hospitals," but successive encroachments of the ocean have reduced the former seat of a bishop's see to a village of two hundred and fifty inhabitants. Within a hundred yards or so of the edge of the cliff a wall encloses a large field, and in the centre of this, carefully guarded by an iron palisading, there are some small portions of a ruin. Of course we scaled the wall in order to have a closer look, and on the western side of the enclosure we found a gateway, evidently of monastic origin, looking on to a road.

“ This is all very nice,” said John, “ but if we don’t soon make a start we shan’t reach Lowestoft by nightfall.”

Regaining the cliffs, we took a last look, and then commenced the descent to the beach, where, with the help of one of the lifeboatmen, we made a clean start in the dinghey.

As for a considerable portion of the way back we should have to contend with a head wind, we decided it would be best not to run any further south, so we commenced the return trip at once.

Off Southwold we again left the yacht for a small inland excursion. After strolling about the town for half-an-hour or so, it suddenly occurred to me we ought to see the river. Enquiries of a woman we met elicited the astounding assertion, “ We ain’t got no river here.”

“ After that, I vote we make tracks for the Buttercup,” said John.

Independent of having only a short time before passed the channel which finds access to the sea between Walberswick (pronounced Walzerwig) and Southwold, I was previously under the impression it was the mouth of the river Blythe, and I have since confirmed this. Wondering what in the world the native could have meant by her profession of ignorance, we hastened down to the beach. The old adage that “ too many cooks spoil the broth ” was never better instanced than in our embarkation in the dinghey. At least half-a-dozen Southwoldians rushed to lend a hand, and no amount of rebuffs would induce them to desist. When we were quite ready to make a start the foremost of these gave the dinghey a push just at the wrong moment, and a wave almost swamped us, John and I being drenched nearly to our waists.

The Victoria steamer, which runs on certain days from Lowestoft, was lying about a quarter of a-mile from shore, and just abreast of this we came up with "LT 497." The weatherly capabilities of the Buttercup compared with the smack were very quickly demonstrated as we drew away from her on every tack—so much so, in fact, that we soon forgot the circumstance.

Many who read the narrative of our trip will probably ask what Dunwich and Southwold have to do with the "Broads and Rivers of Norfolk and Suffolk," and suggest that I have taken a wide departure from the subject indicated by my title. So far as Dunwich is concerned, I admit this is correct; but for the information of explorers of the waterways in the sister counties, I ought to say that about two and a-half miles, as the crow flies, north of Southwold there is a large pool of about seventy acres in extent, called Easton Water, and, in connection with this, a smaller lake named Covehithe Broad. About a mile and a-quarter from the last-named, another lake, designated Benacre Broad, will be found, which abounds in fresh-water fish, and covers over fifty acres. All these waters are very near the Beach, and supposing the tourist has sailed so far in the yacht, an excursion could be made in the dinghey, which, if a light one, might be easily carried over the intervening sands and launched again. I wish, however, to add that I am not in a position to say these Broads are public, but I do not suppose for a moment the riparian owners (one of whom is an enthusiastic yachtsman) would object to any one taking a quiet row on them.

I hope some time in the coming summer to run down in the Buttercup, and, just for the novelty of the thing, explore

these outlying items from the general district. Unfortunately we could not spare time on the present occasion; besides which, the sea was a great deal too rough for it to be safe to make the attempt; but, on Stone's advice, I climbed about half-way up the mast, where I had a capital view of the first-named lake.

Whether it was caused by the yacht pitching, I don't know, but somehow my foot caught in one of the hoops, and when I wished to descend I could not extricate it. Seeing the difficulty, George came to my assistance, and managed to free me, although it was at the cost of an awful pinch. Whilst Mayes was waiting to give me a leg down his cap went overboard, and notwithstanding that we offered to buy him a new one when we got into Lowestoft, he insisted on going about for it. The chase was neither a very long nor stern one, but we lost quite twenty minutes by this delay, and when we recovered the vagrant head-gear it was so saturated and beaten about as to be almost past recognition.

We had now a strong tide running with us, but this meeting the wind, a very heavy sea resulted. When off Covehithe Ness we caught the full force of this, and for a time I must confess I felt a little bit nervous, as I had never been out in the Buttercup with anything like such a sea running. This soon wore off, as I found, to my great delight, that my little boat took it beautifully, riding over the waves as light as a cork. Sometimes we were in a complete trough, and it seemed almost impossible for the yacht to clear herself; but in every case she rose superior to the contending elements, shaking herself free almost like a thing of life.

“Shan't we swing into the harbour—by jove!”

“Very sorry to disappoint you,” said Stone, as we went on to the port tack; “I’m afraid we shall lose a lot of wind under Lowestoft Ness.” Smiling incredulously, Jack eased off the jib-sheet, as the water came rushing along the plankways, and I shared with him in expressing our belief that it must be impossible.

“Those who live longest will see most,” sententiously retorted the old salt, and, to pay us for having dared to dissent from his opinion, henceforward he only deigned to reply in monosyllabic grunts.

Passing Kessingland, the weather showed no signs of abating, and just to worry Stone, we commenced talking *at* him; and presently one of us asked “where the calm would come in.”

“You’ll see! You’ll see!” said he of the “hard name.” And to our very great surprise, when we beat past Pakefield the sea was not nearly so rough; even then we could scarcely have believed the entrance to Lowestoft would be so utterly becalmed as it ultimately proved to be. As we drew nearer and nearer on every tack to the piers, it became evident it would be a close thing between the Buttercup and a Scotch fishing-boat that was approaching from the north as to which should enter first. To our great disgust, when we were within fifty yards of the Harbour, the Scotch boat got out some enormous sweeps, and, thus propelled, easily got the start of us. This move on their part was fraught with a greater loss of time to us than on a first examination of the relative positions of the craft would have appeared possible.

It happened in this way. We were on the starboard tack, but had we kept on our course (to which we had the

right) we should, as it proved, simply have run into the fishing-boat amidships, and have done her a great deal more damage than she could possibly have done us. We ought, perhaps, to have remembered the adage which declares that business should have precedence of pleasure; but it was not in the best mood that we at last gave way. Strange to say, when for the second time we made for the Harbour, nearly every breath of wind seemed to have fallen away, and the strong ebb tide then running out almost held us stationary. At last we drew slowly in, and by six o'clock had made all square and snug for the night.

Since we had turned out in the morning, one of our next-door neighbours—the Dorothy, of the R.H.Y.C.—had left, and her place was occupied by the Firebrand, one of the beautiful new schooner-bow cutters of the N. & S.Y.C. Perhaps I am a little bit “keen” on schooner-bows, as my own yacht is so built, but I do think the form which her famous namesake introduced is infinitely prettier than the ordinary cutter stem.

During dinner our sailing-master of the day gradually threw aside the, perhaps, natural ire he had shown at our stupid banter. Probably the fact that his prediction had been so literally fulfilled helped the thawing process, but I am inclined to believe, notwithstanding his assertions to the contrary, that some very heavy-looking storm-clouds had more to do with the sudden calm than the Ness.

In the evening we went for another walk round the interesting town, and on returning to the Pier found a capital band playing. The stand on which the musicians were performing faces the yachting harbour, and as there was

a great crowd in its immediate vicinity, we returned to the Buttercup, where we could hear beautifully. The better to enjoy the pleasure of listening to the lively strains, I brought on deck a patent folding-chair which belongs to the boat, and which enables one to sit at any angle ; arranging this so low as to be more like a hammock than anything else, I lay at my ease perfectly content with my surroundings. Gradually the music became less and less distinct, and I was very nearly in dreamland, when John, who had been reading a book in the cabin, roused me by calling, " Now, then, skipper ; don't you think you'd better come inside and start on your note-book ? " But I " bothered the notes," and didn't take his excellent advice until after the band ceased playing at nine o'clock.

At the moment of writing this I have before me the rough diary of our cruise, and the second day's entries are so indistinct that I must have been very nearly asleep before I finished. As a specimen of what it is like I give the last four lines :—" Dinner over—stroll on Pier—then round town—and afterwards Pier again—band playing—back to yacht, where we could hear lovely—music so entrancing, *John* soon became sleepy—turned in at 10."

CHAPTER IV.

LOWESTOFT TO BECCLES.

When George put his head into the cabin next morning and called us it was later than it should have been, and he excused himself by saying "it didn't matter, as we shouldn't be able to move." This sounded badly, so we hurried on our things and went on deck to judge for ourselves.

There was no mistake about it—it did look like a dirty day, and the wind whistled through the rigging with an ominous moan, foreboding gusty weather.

Although we had the previous day decided not to bathe again on the beach, we made up our minds to chance it, but were more severely punished than on our first attempt.

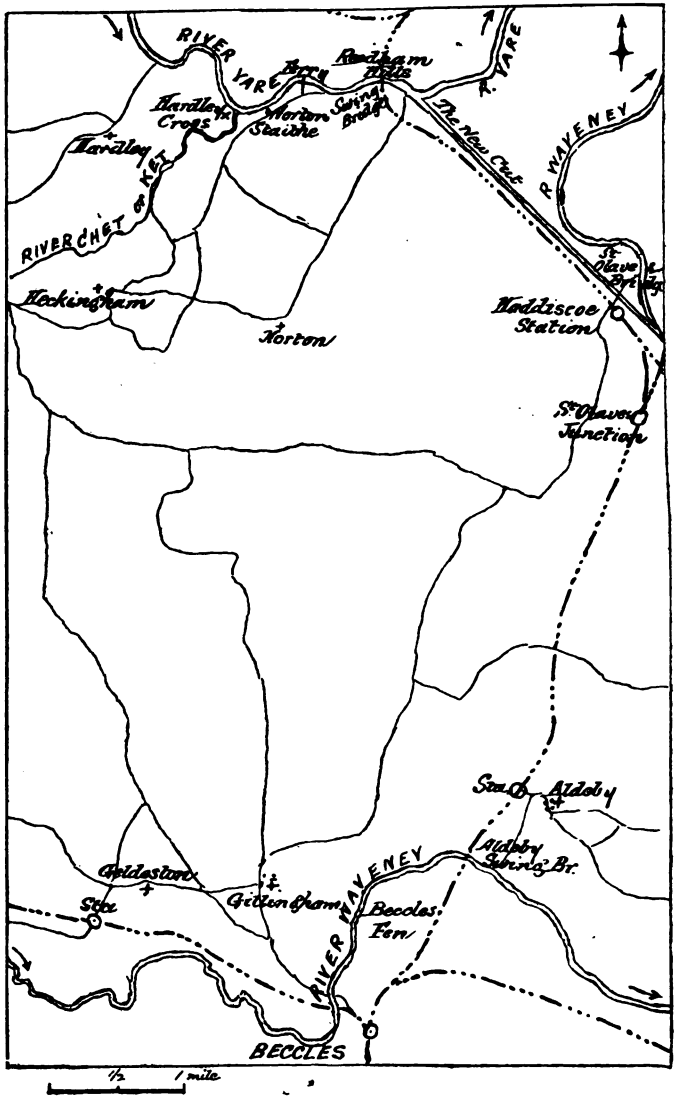
Whilst sitting at breakfast we heard a sort of cough, evidently intended to attract attention; so I went outside, and there, holding on to the stern of the yacht, was the courteous Harbour-Master, who had come to tell us that all yachts must be clear away by the 28th inst.

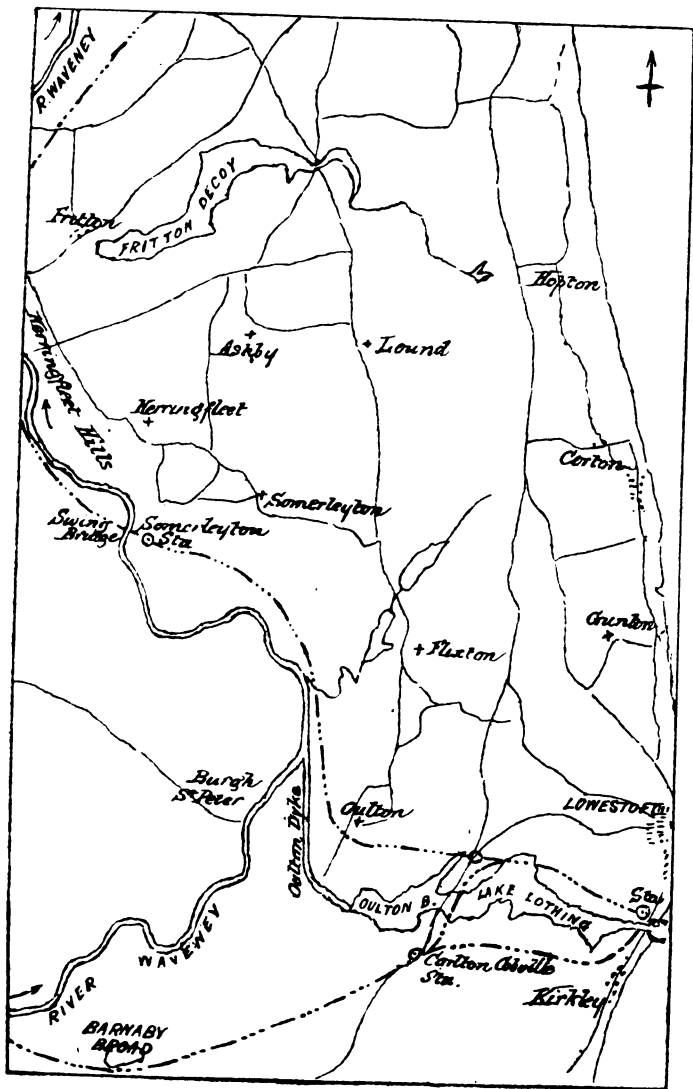
I suppose that most of my readers are aware that Lowestoft Harbour and the cutting through to Lake Lothing are quite artificial. Perhaps, however, a sketch of the history of the movement which ended in the now prosperous town becoming a port may be deemed interesting. I have

elsewhere promised to enter more thoroughly into this question, and at some future time I intend to redeem the pledge. For the present, I doubt the material I have been enabled to collect is only "a drop in the ocean" compared with the largeness of the subject, but as "Rome was not built in a day," I do not despair of the ultimate realisation of my more ambitious project.

I ought to say, in starting, that to the mercenary spirit of Yarmouth in the early part of this century the very existence of Lowestoft as a port can be traced. It came about in this way. All goods consigned by ship to Norwich merchants were discharged into wherries, and thus conveyed up the river to the city. The bother this plan entailed, leaving out of the question the largely increased expense of transit, brought about an agitation which culminated in Alderman Crisp Brown submitting to the Corporation, on the 3rd May, 1814, a plan for making Norwich a port by way of Yarmouth. Four years later the engineer's report was published, but, without detailing any particulars, I will say the town of Yarmouth simply declined to allow the proposed cut on the south side of Breydon (through which it was intended vessels should be conveyed) to be made.

Nothing daunted by opposition to scheme No. 1, the promoters had a second report prepared by their engineer, William Cubitt, which appeared in July, 1820. On page 3 of that report the following passage occurs:—"The most eligible line appears to be, in going from Norwich, to leave the Yare at Reedham, and, by a new cut or canal of communication of about two miles and a-half long, to join the river Waveney a little above St Olaves Bridge, proceeding along





the Waveney to Oulton Dyke, and through that into Lake Lothing, from which a cut of less than five hundred yards would be in deep water of the sea." If I add to this that at the spot where Mutford Bridge divided Oulton Broad from Lake Lothing it was proposed to construct a lock, "so that the salt water could never extend beyond the causeway at Mutford," the whole scheme is roughly laid out.

Following the publication of the plan for constructing the "New Haven," as it was called at the time, a prolix discussion in the public Press, and by the issue of pamphlets broadcast, commenced. Read now, some of the latter seem ridiculous, and in particular I have been much amused by the way in which "The Warning Voice" was only issued to call for reply by "The Voice of Truth," and *vice versa*.

The Bill passed both Houses, and received the Royal assent on May 28th, 1827, although the year before it had been lost by a majority of five. Those engaged in the prosecution of the measure must have had a merry time of it, as it seems that something like £25,000 was expended. Yarmouth paid for its whistle to the tune of £8000.

The navigation was opened on the 10th August, 1831, but eleven years later the original proprietors were glad to sell their venture at a very heavy sacrifice to a new company, who in turn disposed of it to Sir Morton Peto in 1844. I have now in my possession a document containing a complete list of the second company of proprietors, and to which is attached all their autographs excepting three. The old paper is to me very interesting, as showing the end of the second act in the history of Lowestoft as a Nineteenth Century port. After

all, Lowestoft gained a great deal more than Norwich by the measure; perhaps the old city is too far inland; although I must confess I can never quite understand why, with the undoubted advantage of being situated on a navigable river of the dimensions of the Wensum, more use is not made of the water as a means of communication.

I am afraid I shall be thought to have forgotten all about the Buttercup during this somewhat lengthy digression, so, with apologies to John, I will return to my narrative.

“By starting now you’ll do the trick,” said one of the men on board an adjoining yacht. “Look, the flag is now coming down!” So we cast off our moorings and tacked into the Outer Harbour, and then ran up the river-like opening to the bridge. The keepers were such an awful time opening it that we decided we must go about. Just at the last moment, however, one of the men yelled, “Come on!” We yachting men in Norfolk get somewhat used to close shaves with bridges, but in my experience I have never cut it so fine as on that morning at Lowestoft. Our position was rendered more awkward by a tug coming up just behind with a large vessel in tow. But “all’s well that ends well.”

We sailed on to within a hundred yards of Carlton Colville Railway-bridge, which crosses the lake within a short distance of Oulton, and then lowered our mainsail. The rest of the way we sailed with jib alone, but on arriving at the lock we were delayed by a most idiotic wherryman. As a general rule, these men are uncommonly handy about their craft, but this must have been one of the exceptions which go to prove it. There was a boy on board who was the coolest

young rascal I ever saw, and the way in which he "mouthed" and swore at his mate was something remarkable.

Eventually, to save time, we entered the lock behind the wherry, and were treated to a further exhibition from the junior on board. Once clear of our disagreeable neighbours, we lost no time in again hoisting sail, and whilst they were thinking about a start, we were half across the Broad. I think it would be very unfair of me not to say something of the attractions of Oulton before leaving. Our hurried run across both in going and coming might otherwise be taken as indicating that the place has no particular claim on one's attention. The fact is, it is the most popular of all the Broads, and at all times during the season is made gay with the yachts of various tonnage that dot its surface. In addition to its advantages as a yachting station, in being so near railway, sea, and river, there are few better fishing-grounds, as is amply proved by the grand collection of stuffed specimens in the museum of the Wherry Hotel, which overlooks the Broad. This inn is the best in the place, although anglers will find good accommodation at the Commodore. Oulton has not only the advantage of being within a few minutes' railway ride of Lowestoft, but is also only a sixteen minutes' journey from St Olaves, where omnibuses, by arrangement, take visitors to Fritton Lake.

We enjoyed our run over the Broad to the full, and half wished we had a longer time to stay, but we intended to save the tide up to Beccles. On reaching the end of the dyke we found a wherry hard and fast on the mud, so we ran the Buttercup up nearly alongside, and asked if we could be of any assistance.

“Thank you kindly; we should be glad of the dinghey,” was the response. It seemed that they had, in coming round the very sharp bend from river to dyke, omitted to ease-off the sheet until too late, and had run ashore with terrific force. That we should have a tough job to move her was soon proved, as the five of us, standing with our shoulders under the bows, did not appear to stir her an inch. As this plan failed, we took a heavy anchor belonging to the wherry to the opposite side of the dyke; to this was attached a thick cable coming from their windlass, and after nearly burying the anchor, we gave the signal for them to go ahead. The line gradually tightened, and at last became so taut that Blondin would have walked across it easily. Presently the anchor moved, and although both John and I stood on it, it was gradually pulled through the yielding soil. It travelled in this way several yards, leaving a furrow about three inches wide by nine deep. Finding it was no use continuing the attempts without further aid, we shouted for them to stop.

Our next expedient consisted in forcing a very thick mop-stick through the ring of the anchor. On resuming operations, this snapped in halves directly the strain was applied, and as several wherries were “roaring” down on us, we gave up all efforts to heave her off by means of the windlass. I must confess to a feeling of surprise that none of the passing wherries stopped to help their fellows in misfortune, but although six came by whilst we were on board, not one so much as offered to lend a helping hand. We were now in the position of not knowing what to do next, and we stood looking at the wherry-men in the most helpless way. They, poor fellows, were the pictures of misery, and

beyond a faintly-expressed hope that they might be able to get their craft off "on the top of the tide," appeared to have given up all immediate idea of doing so.

It will be hardly necessary for me to say that from the moment it was high tide at the spot where we were then lying the water would commence to ebb, and if we waited so long we should have it against us the whole way to our intended destination. To do the wherry-men credit, I ought to say that they first suggested we must not delay much longer, and whilst thanking us in the most effusive way for the services we had endeavoured to render, they simply insisted on our making a start. "Why should you lose your tide for us?" asked one. But, somehow, we hardly liked to leave them in their trouble, and it was very reluctantly that we at last got under weigh again. Before doing this, we offered the men a glass of beer, and I scarcely need say they accepted it. (The waterman who would say "no" to such an invite is a rarity *very* seldom met with.) The toast they proposed was almost amusing; it ran something like this:—"We don't know your names, gentlemen, but here's to the Buttercup for ever."

Just ahead of us, as we left the dyke, was a large sea yacht of about twenty-five tons, and although at first we thought we should pass her, she managed to keep the lead.

One of the most striking objects on the Waveney is the very peculiar church steeple of Burgh St Peter. It is more like a series of very high steps than anything else I know of, and the edifice itself is worthy a visit. On a former occasion the Rector had invited us to inspect the old pile, which I remember was then beautifully decorated with flowers, so we did not stay to look over it again.

“ Shall we give old Bob a call ? ” said John, as we passed through Aldeby swing railway-bridge, which, fortunately, was open. “ Bob,” I should say, was a colleague of ours, whose home at Aldeby Hall overlooks the bridge, and who was taking his holiday at the same time. Stupid as it may seem, we shouted at the top of our voices, but of course received no reply, and, indeed, our friend has since informed me that at the time we were passing he was quite three miles away.

Without any incident demanding attention, we reached Beccles, and moored in a dyke running at right angles with the bridge. Soon after, two yachts came into the same cutting, one stopping above, the other below the Buttercup. When we had tidied up, George started on an expedition in search of vegetables, but, to our great surprise, returned almost immediately. We were about asking what this meant, when the intended question was rendered unnecessary by an old man with a cart coming round the corner and making straight for the boat. Shouting the while (from sheer force of habit, I suppose) some almost unintelligible cry, the old costermonger pulled up alongside. Upon the selection offered we made rather a liberal onslaught ; so much so, in fact, that the well, in which the various edibles were stowed temporarily, looked something like a small greengrocer’s shop.

Our purchases complete, Jack and I went for a look round the town, which is remarkably clean and well built. Beccles is a town unusually favoured, as its lucky residents are never troubled by that bane of existence, the local rate-collector—the expenses attending the lighting, cleaning, &c., of the borough being defrayed by the rents accruing from

certain town lands ; so that persons of limited income would find this a most desirable place to live in.

The church, dedicated to St Michael, is a very fine Gothic structure. The tower, which rises to a height of 95 feet, and then stops short in an evidently unfinished state, stands at some little distance from the south-east angle of the chancel. Seen from the river, which runs far away down in the valley beneath, the church presents a really imposing appearance, and is calculated to impress the most indifferent observer.

After indulging in the luxury of a clean shave, a process which was very conducive to my comfort, we made for the yacht, where, at six o'clock to the minute, as we had arranged, dinner was on the table. The evening which followed was spent in a very quiet manner, and the town was declared to be an awfully dull place by gaslight.

CHAPTER V.

BECCLES TO ST OLAVES.

Never once in the yachting season of '86 had we awakened to a lovelier day than on the morning following our arrival at Beccles. Turning over in my berth at about half-past six, I pulled back one of the cabin blinds, and a stream of sunlight poured in. Its powerful influence soon dispelled any inclination I might have had for another nap ; so, calling George, we dressed and went on deck. On one of the adjoining yachts the men were busy scrubbing their decks. This example was soon followed by George ; in fact, we all three went to work, and a fine appetiser the exercise proved.

Revelling in the feeling of perfect contentment which a knowledge that his craft is in perfect order throughout always affords a practical yachtsman, we lounged about till nearly eleven. When at last we got under weigh the wind was blowing very hard, and we found quite enough to do, although we had taken one reef down in the sails. Unfortunately, the wind was in the wrong quarter for us, so we had a very long spell of tacking.

Within a mile of Beccles, Sayer's Grove slopes down to the river side, and although I have never landed I should say

the view from the top of the hills must be a very pretty one. Seen from the river, I always think this spot resembles Postwick Grove (which, it will be remembered, we passed on our first morning), although, of course, the latter is much more extensive.

"What in the world was that pitching about in the 'peak?" asked George, when, after turning through a long reach, we were running free.

"I'll see," volunteered John; but instead of walking "for'ard" and lifting the hatch, he dived inside the cabin and lay along the seats with his head into the fore peak. Of course he could scarcely see, but presently, thinking he had discovered the particular item of the Buttercup's stores which had been making the noise, he put his arm through the hatchway to reach it. Unluckily for Jack, at the same moment we caught a puff, and the boat careened so much that he shot off the seat under the cabin table, with cushions and everything on the top of him. I scarcely need say George and I were simply convulsed at poor Jack's endeavours to free himself. It may seem to have been rather hard on my friend, but mischief has a proverbial effect on one's risible faculties, and, after all, Jack didn't mind.

Reaching the spot where we left the wherry on the mud the day before, we found she had disappeared, but a large angular cutting into the rond bore evidence of the distance she must have been imbedded. Looking down Oulton Dyke we could see the Trixie (one of the Norfolk "flyers") making in the same direction as ourselves, and after about a quarter of an hour she came up with and passed us.

In the Somerleyton Bridge reach we had not only a

head wind to contend with, but the full force of a strong flood tide. Tack after tack we made without appearing to gain headway, and sometimes we even lost ground. At last, by very smart handling of the boat, we drew to the bridge, and just at the right moment one of the keepers threw us a line. With this help we managed to accomplish our object, and as the river takes a turn a little beyond where the railway crosses, our difficulties were over.

Sailing till we came to the junction of the Cut, we continued our course down the river to St Olaves Bridge, a handsome structure of the suspension type.

Leaving our man to lower the mast and prepare dinner, we started walking to Fritton Lake, which lies about a mile and a-half from the river.

I advise any who may come to the Broad district to allow one day for the exploration of Fritton and its vicinity. To start with, the walk lies through a very pretty country, and if the tourist takes the turn to the left just on the river side of St Olaves railway-crossing, a minute's walk will bring him to the ruins of Herringfleet Priory. At the farm near excellent milk, cream, &c., can be obtained, and permission to inspect the ruins will also be readily granted. The Priory had a triple dedication, first to St Olave and then to the Virgin Mary and St. Edmund; but the remains are now very small. About a century ago the old boundary walls were used in repairing a road, but those who are fond of relics of a bygone day will find enough to furnish hours of speculative thought.

We did not on this occasion stay for the Priory, but pushed on for the lake. We were caught half-way in a

shower of rain, and sheltered ourselves under a fence. This did not form a very complete cover, and it looked very much as though we were in for a wetting, when fortunately the rain ceased. Continuing our walk, we passed Fritton Church, which is nicely situated. The tower is a round one, and the fabric is thatched, but with the growth of trees in the background it makes a picture of a pretty country church. Fritton Old Hall is the station where boats are let for fishing, &c., and one cannot help wondering how it is such a fine old house has been degraded to its present condition. I understood some alterations were intended to be made, and have endeavoured to learn particulars, but to no purpose. Not being in a position to say positively whether the reported improvements will really be carried out, I am bound to speak of the place as I found it, and my advice to any proposing to stay here will be summed up in the one word, "Don't!" Of the lake itself I would say that

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,"

is not a more unnecessary process than any attempt to describe its varying beauties. In my enthusiasm for the Broads (I was told five or six years ago I should soon tire of their attractions, but it hasn't happened yet) I sometimes find a difficulty in restraining myself in the use of descriptive language. All I can say of Fritton is that every one of the adjectives in my vocabulary would not over-paint it.

After selecting our boat we were about starting, when suddenly Jack exclaimed, "I'm blessed if John C—— isn't in the boat making this way." On nearer approach this was verified, and in another half-minute a mutual friend of ours, who had, it seemed, been fishing all day, landed. Expressions

surprise at our chance meeting having been exchanged, we made enquiries as to the catch, and presently a very fair number of roach and bream were shot on to the grass. Some of the specimens were of respectable dimensions, and all looked really beautiful in their absolute freshness as they lay on the green sward. Unfortunately, our friend was in a hurry to catch the next train, and all our endeavours to persuade him to stay and spend the evening with us were of no avail. Promising to return to the Buttercup if he missed the train, and wishing us good-bye, he made off in a great hurry. Wicked as it may seem, we both hoped he might not succeed in his object, and as we left the shore we expressed our feelings in words which it would not have been well for our departing colleague to hear.

Rowing across the lake (which, I may say, is three miles long), we made for one of the decoy pipes. Duck-decoying is still carried on at five different points in Norfolk, but the Fritton Decoys, of which there are two sets, are by far the most important. The process is, of course, familiar to most of my readers, but to make my sketch complete I ought, perhaps, to give a short description of the way in which wild fowl are enticed into these ingenious traps.

What is technically called the "pipe" is really a curving ditch covered in by netting stretched across an archway of hoops. These hoops, which at the mouth of the dyke are about ten feet high, gradually diminish in size, until they become so low that one cannot sit upright in a boat. At the extreme end a purse net is fixed, and the unlucky duck that once gets so far has very, very little chance of beating a retreat. On one side of this avenue of netting a

series of reed fences is so arranged that the man engaged in decoying cannot be seen from the outside, although he has the advantage of an unobstructed view *up* the pipe. By means of small peep-holes in the first and second screens he can also see the unsuspecting wild fowl in the lake beyond, who are possibly fraternising with trained members of their kind. The latter act as their betrayers by alluring them to the mouth of the fatal trap. We will suppose the decoy man has discovered a sufficient number of ducks to make it worth his while to attempt to entrap them. The first step in the process consists in sending round the front screen a dog which is trained to return immediately to its master by way of the "dog-jump." The effect of the repetition of this simple expedient round two or three screens in succession is to arouse the curiosity of the ducks, which scramble forward in order to get a nearer view of the strange animal. When by this means the keeper thinks they are high enough up, he shows himself, and the affrighted birds rush forward into the purse-net.

Perhaps all this sounds very simple, but greater art than appears on first sight is necessary to make a successful "coy man." Mr Southwell says, "With decoys the art of fowling reached the acme of perfection, for although all methods of wild-fowling depend in a more or less degree for their success upon the skill and ingenuity of the fowler, added to a thorough knowledge of the haunts and habits of the quarry, still, if numbers be taken as the standard of success, all the earlier modes of taking fowl are as far inferior to the decoy as the crossbow to the fowling-piece of to-day."*

* "Transactions of the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists Society," vol. 2, page 538.

I must confess I have very little respect for the whole business, and although an exact knowledge of the habits of wild fowl may be absolutely essential to make a successful decoy man, I cannot think the process is sportsmanlike. I may add, however, that Mr Southwell endorses the opinion of Lubbock, and I advise any one who may care to pursue the subject to get "The Fauna of Norfolk," where at page 134 and again in the appendix a quantity of information on this subject will be found.

The particular pipe which Jack and I inspected is beautifully situated, and its whole appearance is calculated to easily deceive the wild fowl. When we landed, after a most enjoyable trip, the old man who took charge of the boat was "interviewed." In an article which had appeared a few months before in the *English Illustrated Magazine* a lengthy description of the gentle old boatkeeper had appeared. We asked him if he knew he had been "written about" in a London periodical, and with a look of real pleasure he answered in the affirmative.

"They say you have lived here for more than half-a-century. Is this the case?"

"Yes, sir, fifty-five years and more."

"They say, too, you are not tired of your beautiful lake."

"Oh, no! Oh, no!"

"Would you really, if you had your life to live over again, still stay here?"

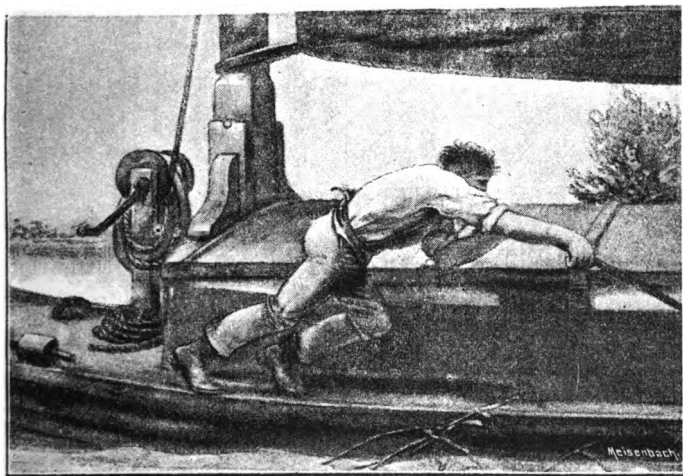
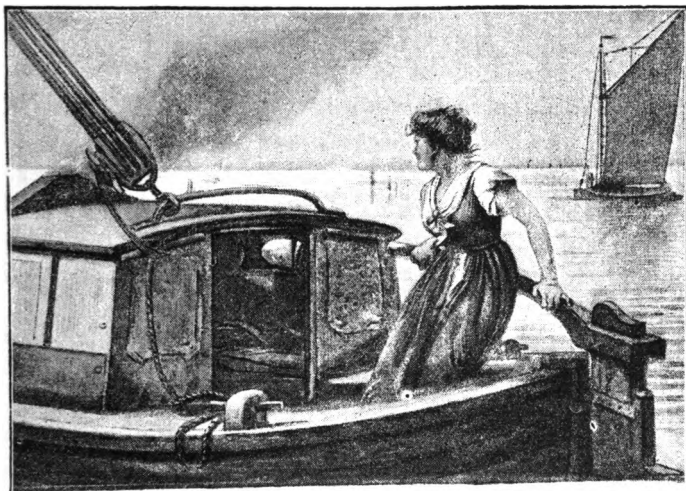
"I couldn't leave it if I tried;" and he glanced across the Broad with a look of infinite pride in his gentle eyes.

Our chat over, we wished him good-bye, and wandered through the woods, which run quite down to the water's

edge. Presently we came to a spot which seemed very familiar, and I remembered it was the subject of a large photo of Frith's in my album at home. We had not walked far when we saw a notice nailed to a tree which ran as follows:—"All persons that picnic in this wood are requested to go to the house and pay twopence each before partaking of their meal, or they will be requested to leave the grounds. By order." It seemed a strange way to make the charge, we thought, but investors to the extent named certainly get value for their money, as a lovelier place for open-air parties could not be found.

On returning to the boat, we learned that no visitor had "called," so there was no doubt our friend had caught his train after all. As we were so near Yarmouth, which is our man's home, he asked permission to run over for the night. This was, of course, granted, and after seeing him depart we strolled toward Haaddiscoe. Near the swing-bridge a number of navvies were congregated, and one was making himself heard in a very forcible manner. I don't know if any one had attempted the process, but he was "wanting to see the man who could stand him on his head." He repeated this invitation several times in a semi-drunken brawl, but no one accepted. Certain it is that I for one should not have liked to attempt to reverse his natural position, as he stood quite six feet two or three, and was very strongly built.

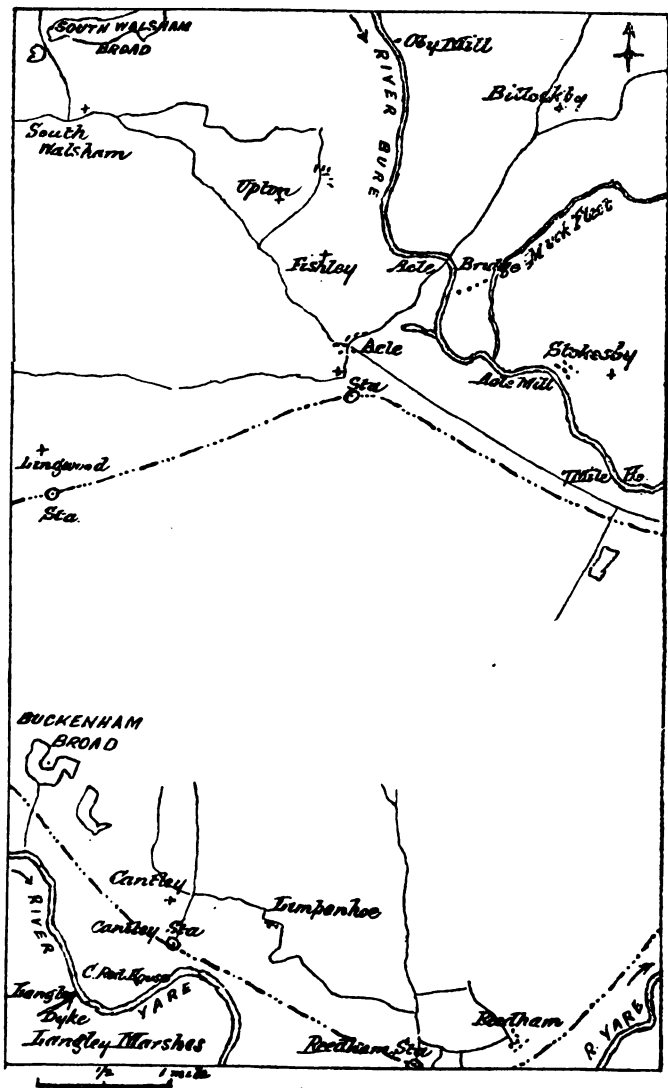
Near St Olaves Bridge, on the Herringfleet side, stands a quaint-looking old inn named the Bell, and visitors to Fritton Lake would do well to make a note of the fact, as nothing stronger than soda-water or lemonade can be obtained at the Old Hall. Although externally it looks like one of the

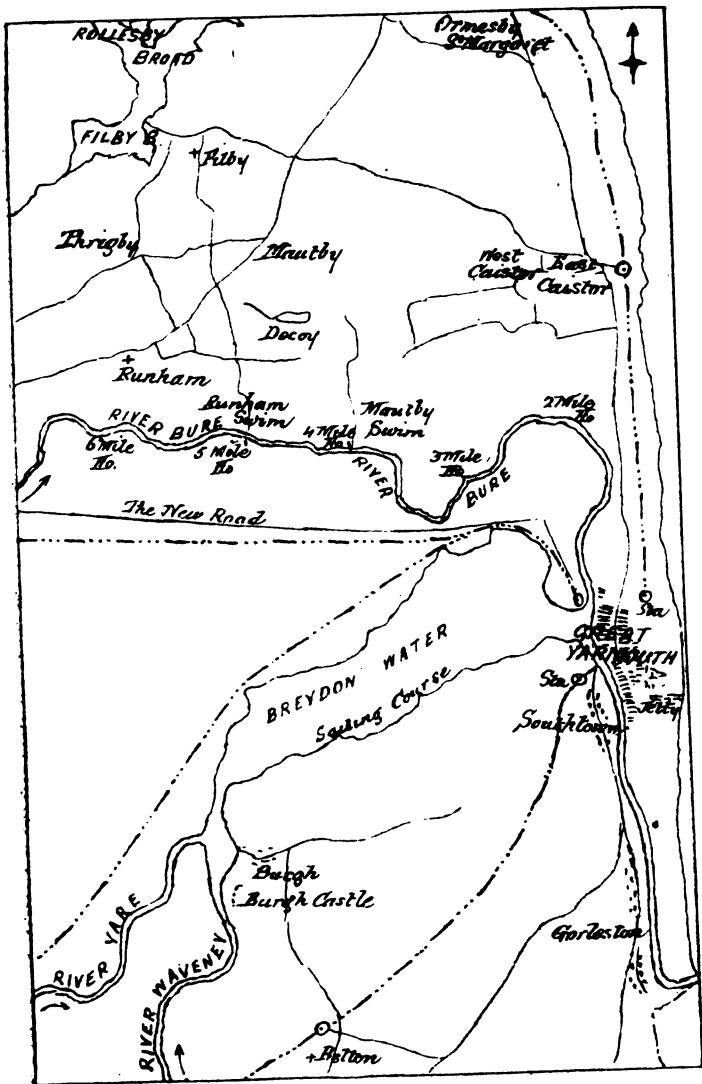


THE NORFOLK WHERRY : STEERING AND QUANTING

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old-fashioned sort of country inns, the inside does not quite sustain the impression. A visit to this antiquated house, which, I must confess, was disappointing, terminated our day's programme, and we returned to our "home on the water" feeling rather sold. As Johnny very sagely remarked afterwards, when he was enjoying his last pipe, "It is never wise to judge by outside appearances."





CHAPTER VI.

ST OLAVES TO YARMOUTH AND AGLE.

As it had been arranged that George should return by the first train, so as to allow of our starting with the ebb tide, Jack and I turned out of our berths early, and made everything ready for sailing. There was so little wind blowing that we shook out the reefs of the sails, and by the time our man put in an appearance, all we had to do was to cast off.

For about the first mile or two we drew along very quietly, and then, to our great surprise, the wind increased in such a sudden manner that it became a question if it would not be best to reef again. However, we kept on, and the excitement was simply delightful. We were nearing the end of a long reach, through which we had to tack, when we heard a thud in the forepeak.

“What can it be?” asked George; “I though I left everything square.”

“Wait till we get on to the next tack, and then I’ll see what’s amiss,” said Jack.

Before the “next tack” came, however, the secret was out, as we heard a terrific crash, and our olfactory nerves were assailed by a strong spirituous smell. It happened that we had bought the morning before a gallon of methylated

spirit, and this was sent down to the boat in an earthen bottle. The unwisdom of this was now proved, and I didn't forget to take George to task for not having packed it more carefully.

"Never mind," said Jack; "it will make another item for the diary."

"It's all very well to talk of 'items,'" I replied. "My book must have an enormous sale to justify an outlay of four shillings and sixpence per incident."

After this casualty we decided to tempt the fates no longer; so we lay to and again reefed our sails.

That this was quite necessary was abundantly proved, when a little later we reached the most risky of all Norfolk waters, Burgh Flats. We had hoped to be able to land and inspect the famous ruins of Burgh, but by the time we passed the old Castle the wind was blowing half a gale; so we decided to keep on for Yarmouth.

Circumstances permitting, I strongly advise stopping at Burgh, as the ruins are very extensive. Some idea of this will be gained when I say they enclose a space of five acres. Although more than eighteen centuries have elapsed since the Castle was built, some of the walls, which are three yards through, yet rise to a height of fourteen feet.

In leaving the Waveney I ought, perhaps, to say that it is not by any means usual to take the course we did. The general plan is to sail through the Cut to Reedham, and then follow the river Yare. By this means the bother of lowering the mast is saved, and although it is about a mile and a-half further, I advise the adoption of the more customary route. In point of fact, my only reason for sailing down the

Waveney from St Olaves was because it happened to be the one stretch of Norfolk river I had not previously navigated.

As I have already intimated, the Beccles River, as it is technically styled, empties through Burgh Flats, and opening from the latter is the glorious expanse of Breydon Water. This tidal lake is about five miles long by a mile broad, and a sail over its surface with a strong wind is a treat not soon forgotten. Perhaps in the present instance we had a little too much for comfort, as every now and again the water came rushing over the sides like a mill-race. The lanyards of the main shrouds cut the water into fine spray, and on the port side of the yacht a perfect shower poured along the plankways and into the well. When about half-way across we met the City of Norwich, a large screw passenger steamer; and the people on board crowded to the side as we passed.

The wind as we neared Yarmouth appeared to increase, and personally I felt much relieved when George cleverly shot the Buttercup alongside another yacht lying by Lacon's Stores. By this time it was past ten o'clock, and as we had started without breakfast we were as hungry as hunters. Directly we could get away, Jack and I started to the Post-office for letters. As the tide would be two or three hours before it made up the North River, as the Bure is generally called, we continued our walk through Regent-street to the Market-place, and made several purchases.

The town of Great Yarmouth, as is generally known, is a great centre of the fishing industry. In a list published in the first part of the new Journal of the National Fish Culture Association, I learn that Yarmouth sent by railway, in the year 1885, 29,658 tons of fish. This grand total is the

largest published excepting Grimsby, and the neighbouring town of Lowestoft stands third with 24,799 tons. In the autumn of last year the catch of herrings alone by Yarmouth boats reached the enormous total of 240,000 barrels. Whilst the fishing of Yarmouth is on the increase, the general trade of the port is decidedly retrograde, and Customs dues have fallen from £69,726 in 1841 to £31,110 in 1881.

Visitors to the place cannot fail to be struck by the peculiar system of narrow lanes, called "rows," which are certainly *the* feature of the town. There are 156 of these alleys, and their total length is about eight miles. Some of them are so narrow that two people would find a difficulty in passing each other without a certain amount of dodging. That this is literally a fact will be more easily credited when I add that one of the "rows" does not exceed two feet three inches in width. The average breadth of the entire system is about two yards, and one cannot help wondering what the early builders of the town had in view in economising space to such a remarkable degree. There are, of course, several conjectures, but the one most probable is that in the old time the fisher-folk, in spreading out their nets to dry, left a clear space of three to six feet between. In time these passages became so sharply defined that they were perpetuated in their present curious form. So says one theory, and I give it for what it is worth; but Yarmouth can, in any case, claim to possess what is probably the narrowest system of streets in the world.

Amongst the buildings in the town worthy of a visit, the fine old church, appropriately dedicated to the fishermen's patron, St Nicholas, stands first and foremost. It is the

largest parish church in England, and exceeds in dimensions several of the cathedrals. It was founded by Herbert de Lozinga, Bishop of Norwich, about twenty-seven years after the same prelate had laid the foundation-stone of his cathedral.

Much as I should like to give a lengthened description of this magnificent church, I fear it would be going beyond the scope of this work to do so, so I will hurry on to another attraction—the Old Toll House, which stands at the end of Row 108, in Middlegate-street. This old building was for centuries used as a prison, and has been recently converted to the uses of a Free Library. It must not be missed, as it is one of the features of this quaint old town. The municipal buildings on the Hall Quay are very fine. The original cost of this pile was £40,000, but a large additional sum is about to be spent to ensure its safety, as, unfortunately, the foundations proved to be insecure. Besides the three buildings I have mentioned, Yarmouth does not possess many “lions,” although the Nelson Column on the South Denes is worthy of notice. It rises to a height of 144 feet, and is a very prominent landmark.

After all, the sands are the town's crowning glory, and if one does not object to seeing a certain amount of rough horseplay, a stroll along its far-reaching extent will certainly amuse. I am afraid I cannot speak for edifying results, however.

Mr Walter Rye, in his “History of Norfolk,” says, “Without any exception, Yarmouth is the beastliest hole any boating man can have to stay at. The Bowling-green is the best mooring-place, but bad is the best, and if by luck

one can, in coming from the Norwich River to the North River, or *vice versa*, catch the tide, one should certainly do so, and not wait a night here." I entirely agree with this, and advise any who may wish to see the town—and it is really well worth seeing—to run over by rail from some station on the rivers. For this purpose, Reedham, Oulton, St Olaves, Acle, or Potter Heigham would be equally suitable.

It had been arranged when we left the Buttercup that she should be taken into the North-end, as the mouth of the Bure is called. To our surprise, when we returned we found the yacht had only just been quanted through the two bridges, and that everything was in the confusion which always follows lowering the mast. Now, we were expecting a visitor by the next train, and I had particularly wished to have the boat in order by the time he arrived; so I enquired of George what had caused the delay.

"Very sorry, sir; we couldn't possibly get through before—the tide has only just turned," was the answer.

"Have you been to the station for the hampers?"

"No, sir; haven't had the time."

"You mean to say——" but the finish of the sentence was stopped by Jack suggesting that we should make a run for the Station (which was a very little distance away), whilst George tidied up as well as he could.

To our disgust, there was not a soul to be seen when we arrived on the platform, and the parcels-office was locked. Presently a solitary porter "dawned on the scene," and our impatient enquiries as to "where the clerks had 'stowed' themselves" were answered by a cool rejoinder of "Gone to dinner." A little persuasion, made all the more eloquent by

—well, never mind what—induced the solitary representative of the Great Eastern Railway Company to go for the key. A minute or so later a junior clerk turned up, and after we had signed for the packages, he offered to send them to the yacht. Our answer was simply to shoulder a hamper a-piece, and before he had time to recover from his surprise, we were out of the Station. The contents of the baskets were hastily transferred to the lockers, and I managed to get back to the Station just as the train ran in.

“ Well, Brittain, what sort of a time have you had, and how are you ? ” were the enquiries with which the latest addition to the Buttercup’s crew greeted me.

“ Cab, sir ! Cab, sir ! ” and whilst I was thinking about replying to our friend, a cabby had seized his portmanteau and other impedimenta and made off with them. As we drove to the boat, which only took us about two minutes, I gave a rough outline of our proceedings up to our arrival at Yarmouth, and sketched our proposed movements for the next day or two.

“ How far shall we get to-night ? ”

“ To Acle Bridge, twelve miles up stream.”

“ I hope it won’t be all like this,” was the remark when we arrived at our mooring-place.

“ No, indeed. I ought to tell you this is really the worst spot in Norfolk for boating men ; ” and to emphasise my expressed dislike for our surroundings, I quoted the passage from Mr Rye already given.

Perhaps we are somewhat rough on Yarmouth in respect to its position, but, after all, there is little doubt that the town reaps very real advantages from being situated at the

mouth of a river like the Yare, with its added volume of six navigable tributaries.

The Buttercup was lying outside a wherry, and as we swarmed over this, our visitor remarked on the yacht's long, rakish appearance, which the schooner-bow of course helps.

Within twenty yards of where we were then lying, a most deplorable accident happened on the 2nd May, 1845, on which date a circus clown had been advertised to take an aquatic trip in a tub drawn by geese. A number of people were assembled on the first suspension-bridge (nearly on the site of the present structure) to witness the performance, when, through a sudden movement of the crowd, the bridge gave way. Of the four hundred people who were thus precipitated into the water, seventy-nine were drowned. The day before I wrote this I was given a graphic description of the scene by one who arrived on the spot about ten minutes after the disaster. My friend immediately sketched the harrowing picture, and an engraving from his drawing was published in the *Illustrated London News* at that time.

It was very nearly three before we started, and we were heartily glad to shift from such very disagreeable quarters.

Every one who has written on the "Broads and Rivers" has compared the country through which the first—I suppose I should say the last—seven miles or so of the river Bure runs, with Holland. As I have never been to "the hollow land," I suppose I ought not to express any opinion on the subject, but if this particular "bit" of Norfolk bears any resemblance to Dutch scenery, I must remark that it does not say much for the country which produced Rembrandt van Ryn, and which constituted the field for his analysis of light and shade.

I was reading a little time ago that in all the great painter's works, "whatever their special character, light was his principal study;" and, again, "Never before Rembrandt had the poetry, the mysterious charm of light, been revealed as it was to him, and he first made of light the essence aim of painting." If the comparison is intended to refer to the wonderful tricks of light and shade which here, equally with Holland, an intimate knowledge of their various phases gives opportunity for observing, I am prepared to admit its truth, although under ordinary circumstances a more dreary stretch of country is scarcely conceivable. Rembrandt himself would have been struck with the trickery of the Norfolk "effects," and although I cannot even sketch myself, I confess to having often been carried away by our after-sunset glories.

The passage up-stream for the first three miles was unmarked by any occurrence worthy of note till we became interested in racing two wherries. One we easily passed, but overhauling the second proved a very difficult matter, and George predicted that we should not be able to manage it. Several times we appeared to be making up to the craft, and then she would shoot ahead.

Whilst we are endeavouring to overtake her, it may be as good a time as any to give some particulars of these barges. I have already described the premier wherry-yacht *Zoe*, but her trading compeers, I scarcely need say, are not so elaborately fitted up. Of wherry-men and their craft a great deal could be said, but I should think more suitable craft for the navigation of rivers of the Norfolk type were never devised. They are worked by means of one huge sail, fixed well forward,

and are entirely distinct from "keels," which carried their sails amidships. In the early part of this century, however, both descriptions of barges were employed, as is proved in the introduction to the "Norfolk Tour" (published in 1829), where it is said that "the general navigation from Norwich to Yarmouth is performed by keels and wherries." When and how the former description were last used I have been unable to ascertain, but undoubtedly the retention of the latter form is really an illustration of the "survival of the fittest."

I have sometimes wondered why craft of the Norfolk wherry type could not be employed on the canal-like rivers of the Fen district. Many a time I have watched a string of lighters on the Ouse between Littleport and Ely, and felt that the present system of horse towage might be exchanged for some more rapid method. It may be urged that the frequent bridges would militate against the successful employment of masted vessels. All I can say in answer to this is that our wherry-men treat bridges as very trifling affairs; I have often watched them, when in full swing, lower first the sail, and then their enormous mast, and "shoot" a bridge, without losing way.

There is one item in a wherry's outfit which calls for special comment—the quant: this is a long pole of eighteen to twenty-two feet long, with a turned knob at the top, called the "bot," and a "toe" of iron, with a projecting "shoulder" to prevent it slipping too far into the mud. In its use the men are very great adepts; the "bot" forms the shoulder-piece, and by firmly fixing this just above the armpit, great power is obtained. Having placed the quant in position,

with its toe resting in the bed of the river, or perhaps stuck into the roind, if there is sufficient depth of water to allow of the wherry coming close to the side, the wherryman, or yachtsman, as the case may be, walks slowly aft, and of course the craft shoots ahead. All this sounds very simple, and, struck by the apparent ease of the process, many a novice who comes here for his holiday will probably thirst to acquire the art. I ought not to damp such an one's ardour, but he may rest assured that, like a good many other things in this world, it is not by any means so easy as it looks.

To leave quants and wherries in general for the wherry in particular which we were racing up the Bure, I have, as a faithful chronicler, to admit we were beaten. When about seven miles from Yarmouth the wind had lulled so considerably that we stopped to shake out the reefs, and our rival by this means got such a long start that it became an impossibility to overtake her.

From this point up-stream the general characteristics of the surrounding country undergo a change, and the landscape becomes much more interesting. Instead of a boundless view of never-ending marsh, which (although under certain circumstances, as I have said before, is beautiful enough in its way) scarcely possesses one redeeming feature, glimpses of woodland now appear. Within about two miles of Acle Bridge the first noteworthy point is reached. This is Stokesby Ferry Inn, where the first Bure ferry crosses the river. In the event of being unable to obtain staying quarters at Acle, I should say visitors might do worse than adopt this as temporary headquarters, as Host Thirtle has the name for making travellers comfortable on reasonable terms.

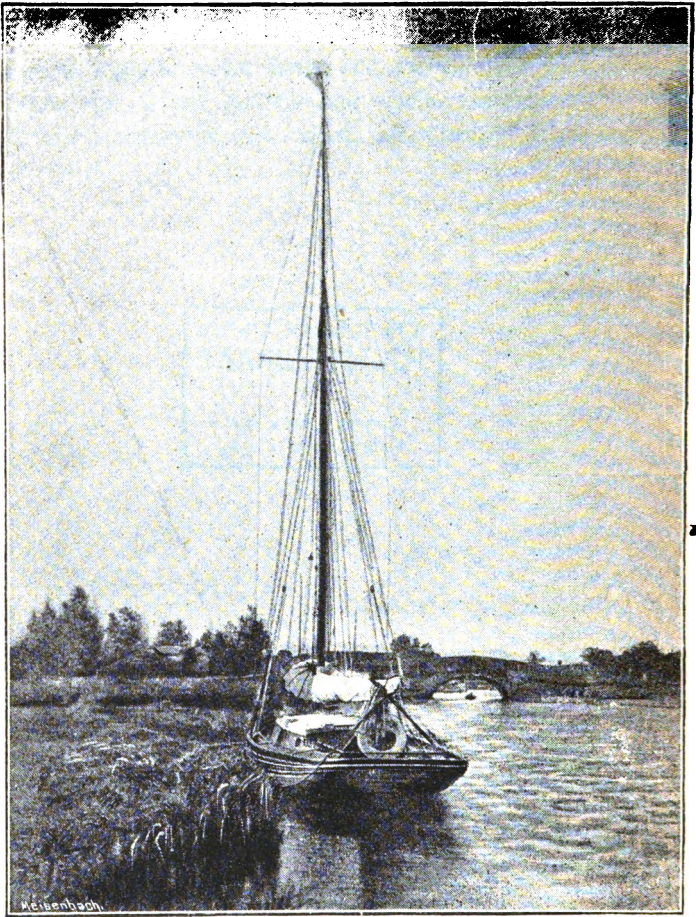
As we slowly tacked past the village, which is very near to the river, it looked very picturesque in the half twilight. Just above Stokesby-cum-Herringby—to give it its full name—and on the same side of the river, is the sluice through which a large section of the Broads is drained. This is called the Muck Fleet, and possibly later on we may explore its diminutive channel. It was a great deal later than we had expected when at last Acle Bridge loomed through the darkness, and we were heartily glad to find ourselves once again within the pale of civilisation.

The “inner man” of the Buttercup’s crew had for some time previous to our stopping been complaining, and when at last dinner was on the table, the *pièce de résistance*, which consisted of roast lamb and mint sauce, was attacked with a vigour which proved beyond a doubt the keenness of our appetites. One incident during, or, rather, as it proved, nearly at the end of our meal, provoked a general laugh at my expense. The hampers which arrived that morning at Yarmouth contained a fresh supply of “good things.” It will be remembered that these were unpacked very hurriedly, and during this process I saw John place in one of the lockers a pie. I had jumped to the conclusion that this was a fruit tart, so I enquired if any one cared for “sweets.” This was generally assented to, but as George handed the pie into the cabin its dimensions called for remark as being unusually large. My readers will judge of my chagrin when, on cutting into it, it proved to be of the veal-and-ham persuasion.

“A toothful of ‘fiz’ would be just the thing to wash our dinners down,” suggested our visitor; “suppose we open the hamper I brought.” On hearing this, Jack coolly walked

out of the cabin and returned with a bottle of champagne in each hand, looking very much as though he had already acquainted himself with its contents. During the evening we enjoyed a smoke and a drink, and yarned over past adventures; our friend contributing some experiences in the Pyrenees, compared with which our "Broad" trips seemed very tame.

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AT WROXHAM BRIDGE.

CHAPTER VII.

ACLE TO WROXHAM.

“If you take my advice, Mr B——, you’ll stay in bed for another half-hour, as we shall be in rather a muddle for about that time.”

“Right you are. I’m quite willing to take the hint ; I feel very comfortable.”

Well within the promised thirty minutes the yacht was through the bridge and ready to proceed. This spot, I should say, is quite a centre of departure for exploration of the best part of the district, and in the season there is published every week in the Yarmouth papers a long list of yachts which pass through Acle Bridge “on the way to the Broads.”

We left our moorings at about eleven o’clock, with wind and tide against us, which made our passage very slow indeed. It was quite one by the time we reached St Benedict’s Abbey (a famous old ruin, of which more anon), where we lay-to for luncheon. The veal-and-ham pie aforesaid proved very appetising, and, washed down with King Bass, was voted first-rate, fully compensating for our disappointment on the previous evening.

If our morning’s rate of progress (when we had only covered five miles in two hours) was not exceeded, it would

be very late before we reached Wroxham Broad, so with as little delay as possible we made another start. Soon after we left the Abbey it commenced raining; we therefore made ourselves comfortable in the cabin reading, whilst George sailed the boat alone.

We were just passing the entrance to a beautiful Broad, which the father of our visitor leases for shooting, when one of the old keepers rowed out of the dyke past the Buttercup. So he (our visitor) called, "Hullo, W——!" But the man did not appear to recognise him. The shout was repeated, and this time the broadman stopped. "Don't you know me, W——?" Suddenly the fact dawned on him that it was his young master calling, and it was amusing to see how confused the discovery made him.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I didn't know it was you."

"All right, W——; it doesn't matter. Good-bye;" and as the yacht sailed on, we enjoyed a laugh at the little comedy.

I always like to introduce the members of my crew to the worthy proprietor of Horning Ferry, and in the present instance of course the yacht was stopped, and Mr Thompson duly presented to our latest addition. Whilst they were talking learnedly about the chances of sport, Jack and I walked round the old hostel and interviewed Annie (Mr Thompon's niece) and "Sally," the "Maid of the Inn," both of whom are especial favourites with the thousands of visitors who sojourn here during the summer. As we made our visit quite a flying one, perhaps this is hardly the place to enlarge on the attractions of this "home from home," but as later on we shall spend an evening here, I shall certainly say more of it.

Leaving the ferry, we made our way up-stream, and as we passed Horning were much amused by the chorus of—

“Ho! John Barleycorn. Ho! John Barleycorn.
All day long I raise my song—
John Barleycorn,”

with which passing yachts are always greeted by the juvenile population of this riverside village. We had heard it was sometimes varied by another edition, so we asked the youngsters to give it us; and forthwith they chanted—

“John Barleycorn is dead and gone;
He'll never come back *no* more;
He's gone to sing another song
Upon a better shore.”

With this we supposed the open-air concert had finished, but as the yacht slowly rounded into the mill-reach the refrain changed to—

“Let go the anchor, boys,”

and as we got beyond stone-throw—perhaps I should say copper-throw—we received not only three cheers, but “three times three” many times repeated. The last salute, in their childish treble, sounded as pretty as the songs, and certainly was much more in tune, for obvious reasons.

By this time the wind had fallen nearly all away, and as the tide (which was now in our favour) is scarcely felt here, twenty-four miles from the sea, our progress was very slow—so slow, indeed, that Jack and George at last took to the dinghey and towed. This was, however, so tiring an occupation that they were soon glad to give it up; but Jack persisted that his weight “must make some difference,” and let this form an excuse for getting his line and spinning-tackle ready, hoping to entice therewith some member of the genus *ESOX*.

As it was becoming a trifle chilly, I retired into the cabin and enjoyed a quiet doze. On emerging half-an-hour later, I found Wroxham Broad had at last been reached, but it was so dark that we had, figuratively speaking, to feel our way across. Yachts are not now allowed to spend the night on the Broad, but it happens that the proprietor of the first end is well known to our visitor ; so he attached his autograph to one of my cards, and this was sent up to the "Broad House." A few minutes later we received permission to stay, and settled down for the night.

CHAPTER VIII.

WROXHAM BROAD TO LITTLE SWITZERLAND AND HORNING.

To our surprise, on waking the next morning, we found it a dead calm. This is a very rare thing at Wroxham, as the lake is so large that there is nearly always a "blow on the Broad." Hoping for the best, however, we decided to have breakfast first and "wait for something to turn up." Whilst this was preparing, Jack amused himself with some champagne and soda-water bottles which had been thrown overboard. (Reference to the notice-board at the entrance will show that this is not allowed, and I beg to apologise for this breach of rule, although at the time I was unaware of the injunction.) Nearly all of these had floated, and the irrepressible John broke and sank them one at a time with the oars, which he threw from a distance. Once he threw both, and had to paddle ever so far with one of the floor-boards.

Our morning meal over, we hurriedly cleared away and hoisted sail; but even by this time there was very little wind, and we only just drew across the Broad. On gaining the river, things were still worse, and as our friend wished to catch an early train, Jack and I went ashore with a tow-line. This proved to be very wet work, as the dew hung heavily

on the long grass and reeds. That our exertions were not unnecessary was proved in the end, as we arrived at Wroxham Bridge with barely enough time.

"Now, then, George; look sharp after the luggage. Mr Y—— will see to the yacht;" and in half-a-minute from the time of stopping we were tearing over the meadow. Half-way across this I managed to go over my ankles in a bit of a bog, but as I was already wet to my knees it did not much matter. Reaching the road, we hurried on to the station, and arrived just as the train was about to start.

"Well, skipper, what shall we do now?" was John's enquiry on my return to the yacht.

"I suggest we row above the bridge to Little Switzerland, and spin for pike on the way."

"Right you are; I'm ready for anything; but I think we ought to start at once if we are to do any sailing later on," returned Jack.

When we started up-stream, George took the oars, and my friend amused himself with his rod, whilst I sat in the bow reading a capital volume of "Queer Stories" from *Truth*. About a mile above the railway-bridge a number of men were engaged cutting weeds with a peculiar sort of double scythe. A strange-looking half-circle of sticks was arranged about a dozen yards from their field of operation, to prevent the weeds floating down stream. This device, whilst stopping a large proportion, was not completely successful, as patches might have been seen floating miles away.

When we arrived at the dyke leading to Little Switzerland we found it quite impassable, in consequence of the growth of vegetation in the channel. As I wished very

much for John to see something of this charming little spot, we landed about half-a-mile higher up, and walked to the bridge which crosses one part of it. This bridge, by the way, is said to be the highest in Norfolk, although one goes downhill to it both ways. From this point of 'vantage one of the most delightful views in the district can be commanded, and well worth the trouble to row as far. I ought to say that one can sail up the river as far as Coltishall, which is about seven miles above Wroxham, and the scenery is pretty all the way; but we did not care for the trouble of lowering our mast on this occasion, as there was so little wind.

Two or three years ago I obtained permission to have Little Switzerland photographed, and the views obtained were simply charming. In my extensive collection of Broad and River pictures they certainly "take a front place," as our cousins across the water would say. One cannot help expressing the hope that some day the dykes will be cleared out, and this lovely sylvan retreat opened up. A friend who was looking through my views the other day was astonished when he came to the four "bits" of this well-named spot, and could hardly credit that they were really photos of Norfolk scenery.

On the way back, and when nearing the bridge, we found that the floating weeds had caused some mischief to the net of an eel-set, as it was broken away from one side and quite blocked up.

Arrived at Wroxham, we telegraphed to one of Jack's brothers to join us at Potter Heigham that night—on Mayes assuring us that we should be certain to get as far—and then went shopping. We were just thinking of leaving the town

(the smallest village is a "town" in the Broad district), when we came across Mr Thompson, of Horning Ferry Hotel, who was good enough to ask me "if I cared to go for a drive round with him." I am afraid the acceptance of this invitation looked very like desertion, but the temptation was too great to be resisted. Of course a "tidy up" was necessary after our morning's work (I wanted to shave, but was chaffed out of it), and as our friend offered to "wait an hour if I liked," I very quickly "changed."

Of Mr Thompson I will venture to say that if I could introduce every one of my readers to him personally, ninety-nine out of a hundred would like him. He is a most enthusiastic sportsman, and the Ferry shows many a trophy of his gun and rod. I quite enjoyed the exhilarating drive, and still more the long chat we had, and felt almost sorry when at last we reached Horning.

"Well, Mr Brittain, you may rest assured your yacht won't be here yet. Will you have dinner with me? You know you are welcome," were the words which greeted me a few minutes later, as I stood on the lawn beside the river, looking in vain for signs of the Buttercup.

An invitation couched in such terms was too good for a hungry man to refuse, and I expressed the real pleasure I had in accepting. A good dinner well cooked is one of the things the visitor may rely on at this model hotel, and the present was no exception to the rule.

The popularity of the Ferry is testified to in the "Visitors' Book," which to me is a very interesting volume. I nearly always ask to see it, and did not miss now. The autographs are in some cases most distinguished, and amongst

others those of the Marquis of Lorne and party, the late Duke of Abercorn, and Lord and Lady Enfield will strike the eye. The Duke of Abercorn stayed several days, and was pleased with everything in his surroundings. If it were necessary to find another title for the "Visitors' Book," I should call it "The Broads and Rivers Illustrated by Pen and Pencil." Whilst art (?) is represented by pen-and-ink sketches, sepia drawings, and even water-colours, of more or less pretension, the pen finds expression in poetry as well as prose. If I give one selection of the former mode of expression, an idea will be gathered that I am not the only admirer of this quiet retreat—

"Oh! don't take the high road,
And don't take the rail road,
But here moor your trim sailing wherry.
Oh! rest ye at Horning,
And say in the morning
How cosy's the inn by the Ferry."

Dinner over, we retired to a private sanctum of Mr Thompson's, and cigars and sherry proved capital material wherewith to while away the time. It was past five when Annie announced that at last the Buttercup was in sight, and I of course at once boarded as she ran alongside.

It seemed I had been well out of a nice muddle, as the wind had fallen completely away, and they had had to quant nearly all the way down. I had been inwardly chafing all the time I had waited, wondering what in the world we should do as to our friend at Potter Heigham.

After tea Jack suggested that we should walk over to see if his brother had arrived, and at about seven we started. When we got on to the road, however, it was so dark that we could scarcely see before us. We then decided that if our friend

had turned up he would conclude we were becalmed, and stay the night at the bridge house, the Waterman's Arms ; so with the determination of starting long before breakfast the next morning, we returned to the yacht.

CHAPTER IX.

HORNING TO POTTER HEIGHAM AND WAXHAM.

Notwithstanding our having retired so early the night before, I felt very much inclined to have a good "lay out." Jack turned out, however, with George, at seven o'clock, and they worked with such a will that in less than half-an-hour I could hear the yacht had started. Such an unusual luxury as lying in bed whilst the yacht was under canvas was too good to continue long without some interruption, and presently, as we ran into a scant reach, I was very nearly following Jack's example of a few days before, when I thought of wedging myself in, as it were, with the table. This expedient proved quite a success, and made me so comfortable that although the cabin doors were unshipped, I simply refused to turn out.

When I at last emerged from the cabin I seated myself on the stern-sheets just as I had left my bed. In the assurance that no one would be stirring so early in the morning, I lazily lounged about in this state of undress, enjoying the fresh breeze to the full. Presently I heard sounds of laughter ahead, and, to my discomfiture, a fishing party was passed just after.

"Perhaps after making such a gratuitous exhibition of yourself you'll go inside and dress," said Jack.

I took his advice immediately, and made a determination not to air myself again in a similar manner.

By nine o'clock we reached Potter Heigham Bridge, and at once sent George to hear if our friend had turned up, whilst we prepared breakfast. This was nearly ready, when our man returned and informed us that nothing had been seen or heard of any one enquiring for us. We were half through our meal, when we were surprised to hear shouts of "Buttercup ahoy! Buttercup ahoy!" from the opposite side of the stream, and Jack volunteered to row over and see what was amiss. He soon returned with a telegram addressed to me, which proved to be from his missing brother, announcing that it would be utterly impossible for him to come, in consequence of another engagement.

I don't know if the old couplet which runs—

"Blessed are they who live near Potter Heigham,
And doubly blessed those who live in it,"

may apply to temporary residents, but from events which happened on our return some days later, I am inclined to think this is not the case.

When clear of the two bridges, and our sails again set, a spirit of mischief appeared to possess John. In this case poor George was the victim, and a mop was the instrument of torture used. At last George could stand it no longer, but chased Jack round the decks. Catching him, however, proved rather a difficult matter, but at last the mop struck against the main shrouds, and was jerked from John's hand into the water. Notwithstanding his protest that it was "only an old one," I insisted on his either fetching it or buying me a new one. When there is anything to do on

board, Jack is one of the quickest and handiest amateurs in Norfolk, so a row in the dinghey for the missing mop was a very small matter, accomplished in a very short space of time.

Somehow or another, even when he returned, my chum could not on this particular morning rest quietly; he appeared to want some object on which to vent his overflow of animal spirits, and, luckily for George, he at last undertook to give the decks a good scrubbing. I have only recently spoken of his energy on the yacht, so it will not much surprise my reader when I say that positively, in less time than it takes me to write, he was bare to the feet, and, with trousers turned up to his knees, had commenced operations. Such an example soon put my laziness to the blush, and I quickly joined in the healthful exercise. The cabin-top also came in for a share of "elbow-grease," and, one way or another, the yacht looked all the better for our exertions, more especially as Jack insisted on the brasswork being likewise polished up.

All this took some little time, and we had sailed through Kendall Dyke and were half-way across Heigham Sounds before we settled down to enjoy our well-earned rest. I believe my yacht is the largest which now attempts the navigation of these waters, and I rather glory in the fact. Certain it is that boats of a heavier draught lose a great deal in not being able to explore this section of the district, which is, perhaps, the most interesting of all.

If I were asked to define the charm this part of our "lakeland" undoubtedly possesses, I should be puzzled to say what I feel. I think I cannot do better than quote the

following passage from the introduction to Lubbock's "Fauna of Norfolk," by Mr Southwell, F.Z.S.:—"Let the reader drift quietly through Heigham Sounds on a glorious night in the early autumn, the dying breeze just stirring the sails of his yacht and raising the slightest possible ripple on the surface of the lake, only enough to make more brilliant the moonbeam's burnished path along the water, and to wake the whispering reeds—the stillness broken only by the cry of some startled water-bird, or the splash of a monster fish as it darts into the reed-beds—and he will behold a scene which no artist can depict, and which will haunt his memory for many a day. Nor will the sights and sounds on a fine night early in summer be easily forgotten. During the day not a wing may have been seen, but after sundown the place is alive with the song of the reed-birds, the air resounds with the bleat of the snipe, waterhens and coots are calling in all directions, and many are the strange sounds borne on the soft air of evening which reach his ear."

The personal experience which Mr Southwell no doubt reflected in such poetical language—it is, to my mind, the best word-picture ever drawn of our lakes—was in some way my own on an equally charming evening some years ago. My yacht was moored in the dyke which branches from the north-east end of Heigham, and whilst my companion prepared tea I rowed in the dinghey across the upper end of the Sounds, and then through Whiteslea to Hickling Broad, just as the light was deepening in such lovely tints as I fear almost to attempt to describe. The sun had set in a perfect blaze of crimson-like gold, and the lake reflected all this in a manner almost magical. I remember lying over the bow of

my boat and watching the wonderful effects of light and shade on the mirror-like surface of the water, until the gloaming deepened almost into darkness. Even then the sky appeared loth to relinquish its clothing of varying colour; here and there a line of deep blood-red remained, whilst the Broad retained its borrowed glory till at last night really closed in upon it. I wish I could put into words all I felt that night as I lay in the little craft. I stayed until I hardly dared to wait any longer, so much had the enchantment of it all crept around me, and on reading over my very imperfect attempt at word-painting I feel how utterly bald and inexpressive it is.

To return to our trip and the yacht, which by this time has crossed the Broad and entered the Old Meadow Dyke. This channel is very narrow, and winds about in the most irregular manner, whilst as the yacht passes through it, one's boom is often yards over the edge of the road, and appears to be sweeping down the waving rush and reed. I had always, up till now, considered this dyke and the mere it drains about as much "out of the world" as any spot in East Anglia. On this occasion I determined on penetrating still further, if possible—much to the disgust of George, who declared we should find ourselves "landed on the mud for days." Finding me obdurate, he at last yielded, although insisting on having the mainsail lowered so as to decrease our speed.

I ought to explain that the navigation we were about to attempt to explore is known as the Palling and Waxham Cut. In the morning, as we left Heigham, an old wherryman had been most emphatic in warning us "not to think of it," and

when at last we turned our backs on Horsey Mere, and were fairly into the Cut, I must confess to wishing I had taken his advice. Compared with this tiny channel, the Old Meadow Dyke is a great river, and it may be as well to say that a friend of mine who has since measured it finds it is under twenty feet wide in parts. This only allows a space of less than a couple of yards on each side of the Buttercup ; so it will be gathered we were cutting it rather fine.

When about half-a-mile up, we felt the yacht gradually pull up, and feared we had at last run aground. We kept on, however, and presently the soft gurgling sound (always heard, as my boating readers know, when a yacht runs on the "putty") ceased, and we breathed a little more freely. From this point there seemed to be a little more water ; any way, we did not ground again.

The oft-repeated comparison of the drainage of our Norfolk marshland with that of Holland would not apply anywhere with greater force than here, as the marshes adjoining the tiny canal are very noticeably lower than the surface of the water. The river wall, or rather dyke wall, is in splendid preservation, and one could jump ashore, with the yacht under weigh, with the greatest ease. Jack and I did this several times, and once or twice ran a good way ahead of the boat, and then lay down flat—thereby losing sight of the water—and watched the Buttercup pass. John remarked that "it was more like a dioramic effect than anything he had ever seen."

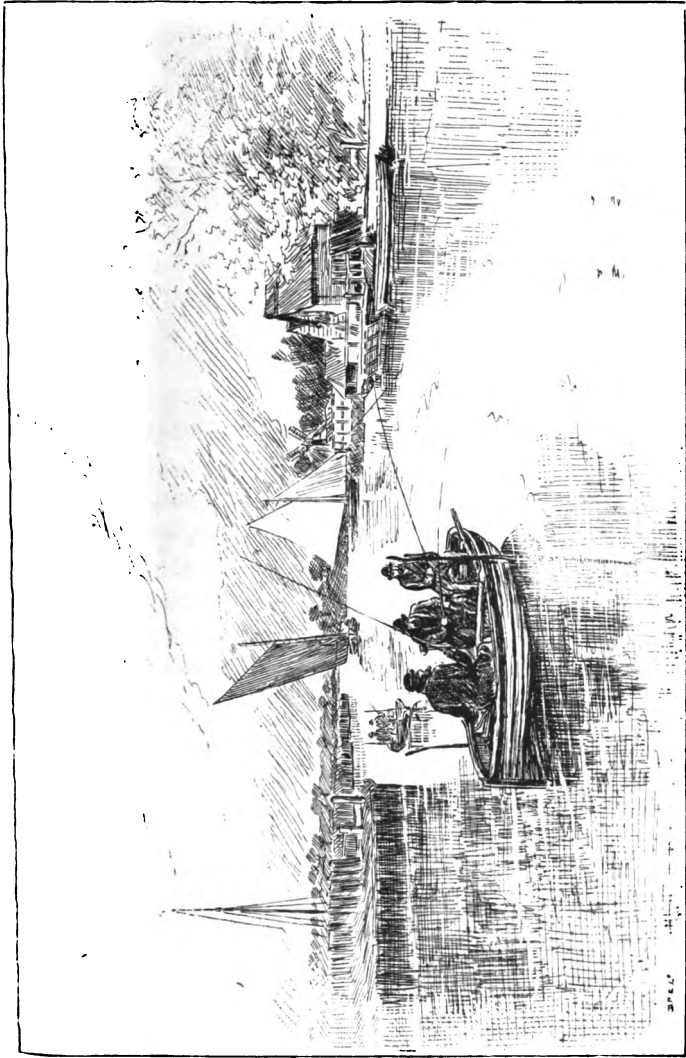
At last we reached Waxham Bridge, and had some idea of trying to go on to Palling, but were informed there was a floating bridge about half-way which would give us a lot of

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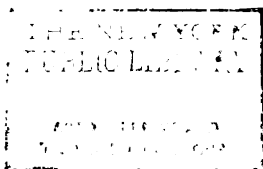
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A CORNER ON WROXHAM BROAD.



HORNING FERRY.



trouble. So we made everything snug, and strolled down to the beach, which is only about ten minutes' walk away.

The large warren we had to cross is bordered on its eastern side by very lofty sandhills, covered with marum grass, acting as a safeguard against possible inroads by the sea. It was great fun to climb these banks, although it reminded one of the Irishman who "went two steps backward every one he took forward." It was, I thought, on gaining the summit, very peculiar to notice on one side the diminutive channel of fresh water, with the Buttercup's mast standing out very boldly in the general flatness, and then on the other to watch the ships at sea. I don't know if this peculiarity is absolutely unique, but I should not think many similar instances could be adduced on the coast-line of our "tight little isle."

It was really a most delightful change to get to the sea-shore once again, and we enjoyed to the full the novelty. Lying prominently on the beach was a stranded porpoise, dead, and as we neared it Jack commenced throwing the largest stones he could find, with all his force, at the carcase. As one result of this, it gave forth a most pestiferous odour, and we were glad to get out of its way. "Larking" about like schoolboys, the time very quickly passed, and I for one was not sorry when we at last started for the Buttercup and dinner. On our way over the banks George suggested we should each fill our handkerchiefs with the beautifully clean sand for use on the decks, which somehow were not looking so white as they should. This we agreed to, and collected enough to last the entire trip. On our return to the yacht George started on the preparation of a grand stew (my man,

I may say, is especially "great" on stews), and we amused ourselves by reading. Presently somebody asked for a knife, and I then discovered that I had lost a beautiful one, given me by my two chums Jack and Braddy a few months previously. As I remembered using it just before we started for the beach, I had no doubt I dropped it on the sands. I therefore determined to walk down and have a good look before breakfast the next morning. Dinner over, Jack continued his book, and I tried to make some notes, but somehow could not get my loss out of my head; so I gave it up as a bad job.

At about nine o'clock we were so tired that we discussed the advisability of "turning in." It happened that George had been missing for half an hour or so, and I was just enquiring where he had gone, when one of the sliding hatches, which divide my cabin from the forepeak, opened, and the individual in question commenced passing our beds and rugs through. This very broad hint we very willingly fell in with, and as Jack remarked when the lights were extinguished, "It was the earliest time on record."

CHAPTER X.

WAXHAM TO PALLING.

Waking at seven in the morning, I determined to start at once in search of my knife. Jack, of course, had not to be asked twice whether he would accompany me—in fact, he was the first ready to start. Leaving George to get breakfast ready, and promising to be back by nine o'clock, we started, my friend taking one side of the road and I the other. Our most careful search was not, however, rewarded with success, and when we at last very reluctantly turned our backs on the shore, I felt awfully disappointed. All this about such a comparatively simple loss may sound a little strained, perhaps, but I do hate the idea of losing anything given me by a friend.

We had just crossed the warren, when we met George, who had been on a hunt for eggs, and had been successful in getting some of the finest I have ever seen out of a show. Our walk had given us capital appetites—not that this was anything uncommon.

As this book is, of course, intended to be useful to excursionists on our waters, I may as well say that in estimating the quantity of provisions necessary for a fortnight or a week's trip, it would be as well to consult a friend who has

“done” the Broads, as to what had better be taken. I would suggest that, although many excellent specialities are to be found in the way of tinned food, too much of this should not be bought. With an experienced skipper, one can nearly always find up fresh meat, which can be cooked on board. In my own boat I have three methylated spirit-stoves, so that as many operations can be carried on at once. I think, by the way, that if I were in the position of hiring a yacht, I should insist on nothing but spirit being used for the stoves, as it is far and away ahead of paraffin; no matter how careful one is with the latter, there is always some smell of the oil about—at least, that is my experience.

To return to the Buttercup. We decided after breakfast to take the dinghey beyond the bridge and up to Palling. The dyke becomes very narrow above Waxham—so much so, in fact, that rowing in even so small a boat as my dinghey became nearly impossible. George at last volunteered to go ashore and tow, and by this means we got on at a very fair rate.

About a mile from our starting-point our further progress was stopped by the identical floating bridge we had heard of the day before. This, I might explain, can be hauled into a square place cut for the purpose on the east side of the dyke. As it is, however, a very substantial structure, we elected to haul the dinghey out and launch it again on the other side. This accomplished, we continued our trip, Jack taking the tow-line.

At length we reached the end of our journey, finding further progress arrested by a little three-arched bridge. As I have called them arches, I must, I suppose, allow the

word to stand, but, I ought, perhaps, to explain, that they are so small that one can scarcely crawl through.

It happens I have a great weakness for exploring the intricacies of our system of waterways to their very sources, if possible ; so in this case I suggested taking the dinghey out and making another start ; but on the suggestion of George, we first made enquiries at a house a short distance away as to how much further we could get. The small boy who " answered the door " was certainly the most stupid specimen of a country yokel I ever met. On being interrogated as to whether it would be of any use trying to push our way up-stream, he " didn't know." Further questions, in the shape of enquiries where his father or mother was, elicited the same reply ; and when we at last gave him up as a bad job, we almost believed his limited vocabulary simply consisted of the two words mentioned. I may inform the enthusiast in the matter of compulsory education that there is a Palling and Waxham School Board.

Fortunately, we were met just after leaving by a native, who seemed as intelligent as the one we had left was the reverse. From him we learned it would be quite useless our attempting to go any higher, as progress is completely barred at a mill he pointed out, about a couple of hundred yards up the Cut.

" Never mind," said Jack ; " I vote we walk to Palling ; " and with this he started off. Talking and acting are always synonymous terms with my friend—at all events, such is the case when he is on pleasure bent.

There is little of special interest at Palling ; it is simply a fishing village of the ordinary pattern—a Lifeboat Station

(unfortunately, too much of a necessity on this part of the coast), a little square sort of house where the Coastguard is domiciled ; then a number of boats lying on the beach, with the usual loungers, who appear to be ever on the look-out for something which never comes. All this, with a few scattered houses here and there, and the sandhills in the background, will give a fair idea of the place—at least, as seen from the seashore.

After toiling through the sandy street which runs directly down to the beach, we decided on walking along the shore to the ruins of Eccles Church, about a mile and a-half away. The tide was quite out, and the stroll on the sands, which are perfectly clear of stones or shingle, was delightful. The enthusiastic devotees of lawn-tennis who have within the last few years located themselves at nearly every watering-place would, I am sure, consider this unsurpassable stretch of sand a “ tennisonian ” paradise ; certain it is, a more suitable spot could not be found. It proved so tempting to me that I bared my feet and “ paddled ” the whole way to Eccles.

The ruins of the church of St Mary, which stand out so boldly on the shore, offer a very striking illustration of the inroads of the sea at this point, and one cannot fail to be struck with wonder at the lofty tower remaining intact for so many years. Yet there it remains, a silent tribute to the thoroughness with which our forefathers built their temples.

From the sandhills at this point Happisburgh Lighthouse can be plainly seen, and in the exuberance of animal spirits, which is the best testimony to the health-giving

character of a holiday of this description, I rushed to the summit, ignoring the prickly marum grass, which, however, played havoc with my bare feet, as I found to my cost on returning to the shore.

“That’s what you get by playing,” said Jack, as I limped along; and to show his superior sense, he immediately commenced larking with George.

When about a mile from Palling we overtook a very saline-looking specimen of humanity, who had regarded my movements on the hulk of a small lugger, which was lying a wreck on the shore, with much suspicion. Whether he thought I intended carrying off any of the scrap-iron, which was about the only moveable thing left, I cannot say, but he appeared much relieved when we at last left the wrecked vessel. He proved to be a member of the lifeboat crew, and as we appeared interested in the inevitable yarn he of course commenced to spin, he gradually “thawed,” and by the time we left him was voted “a decent sort after all.”

As it was now just two o’clock, we decided on stopping to have something to eat. Palling was all alive on this particular day, and we wondered what the bustle could mean. On making enquiries we found a large sale had been held at the adjoining village, which attracted people from a distance.

The refreshment of the inner man complete, we resumed our return to the Cut, on arrival at which we made a start in the dinghey at once, as some very heavy-looking storm-clouds were gathering, and we feared being caught in a shower. We were not, however, destined to escape, as we had scarcely got half-a-mile on our journey when it commenced raining very

heavily; as we had provided ourselves with overcoats, we did not much care, but luckily it soon left off.

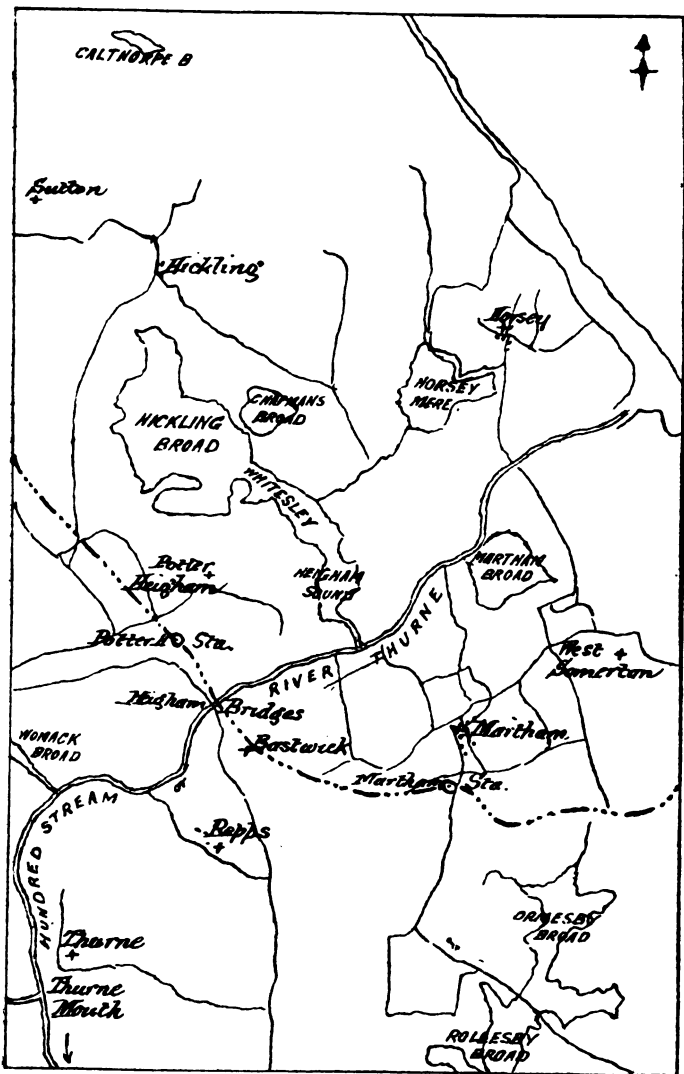
When we reached the floating bridge, the same tactics, of course, had to be adopted—much to the amusement of an old labourer who stood watching. The operation did not take long to complete, and when the boat was again launched our old friend broke the ice by remarking, “You seem to be quite used to that sort of thing.” As he appeared to be rather an original, we stopped chatting with him some little time, and heard a great deal about the drainage, &c., of the surrounding land, and the benefit it had been to the district. We were much amused, too, by the reports he had heard of the “big” yacht at Waxham—he wanted to know if it was “one of them Loynes boats,” and when informed by John that the writer hereof was the owner, he expressed the hope that he might see us again on some future occasion. It is just possible the glass of beer with which he drank our “very good health” may have had something to do with his extra friendliness, but this I must leave, although I would especially impress on the intending tourist’s mind that a “drink” is never thrown away.

We hoped to have been able to leave Waxham and moor on Horsey Mere for the night, but we had scarcely reached the yacht when it again commenced raining heavily. This was rather disheartening, as although a trip to these confined waters might be very nice by way of novelty, it was not altogether the place where one would care to spend a week. After dinner, as there seemed to be no chance of the weather clearing up, we resigned ourselves to another quiet evening—John with his books and I with my diary.

“I tell you what it is, skipper ; I could do a glass of ‘fiz’—couldn’t you?” said Jack, when I had nearly fallen asleep over my work.

“The very thing, my boy ;” and almost before the words were out of my mouth, George had bolted for’ard for a bottle. Clearly he had acquired a taste for the “king of wines” at Acle a few days before.

Discussion of the next day’s movements over, we turned in, and slept as only they can sleep who spend their days in the full enjoyment of perfect health.



CHAPTER XI.

PALLING TO HICKLING AND MARTHAM.

On waking the next morning at about six o'clock, I found, to my extreme delight, the sun was shining through the doors of the cabin. I lost very little time in waking my chum and Mayes, and then we called a committee to decide on the day's movements. We eventually came to the conclusion that we would try to get to Hickling Broad before breakfast.

"First and foremost," said John, "how are we to get out of this blessed dyke? It's quite certain we can't swing the boat."

"We shan't lose anything by trying," retorted George; so we set to work.

The Buttercup is fifty feet long from the stern to the end of the bowsprit, and we found it quite an impossibility to get her round, although we tried to lift her bowsprit over the rond. Having disposed of suggestion the first, there remained the alternatives of either towing out stern first (which, I scarcely need say, would have been a most laborious process) or fixing the weights on the mast, lowering, and quanting the boat through the bridge, just beyond which a large dyke had been cut from the main channel. The latter

was the plan ultimately selected ; but when we attempted to again swing the yacht round, we found it no easy matter, as although there was plenty of water in the middle of the stream, the sides were extremely fleet. At last, however, with George on the quant and Jack and I with lines attached to the stern and bow, we just managed to accomplish our object.

After again quanting through the bridge and raising the mast to its normal position, we found the wind so high that we had to stay to reef the sails ; but at last we were under weigh by eight o'clock. The run through the Cut was soon over, and we enjoyed the sail over the lovely Mere to the full. On gaining the Old Meadow Dyke, we found we should have a head-wind to contend with nearly all the way through, and as tacking in so narrow a channel was quite impossible, Jack and I went ashore with a tow-line.

"There's no mistake about it, mate ; this is having a constitutional before breakfast with a vengeance," said John, as we slowly made headway.

Presently we turned a corner, so to speak, and the yacht drew away. We, however, held on to the tow-line (which was a good long one) rather than jump aboard, although George insisted that this would be the better course. As it happened, we were made to pay for our obstinacy : we had allowed the Buttercup to take the whole length, when in pushing our way through some tall rushes we saw, when too late, a broad dyke immediately in front. We had jumped several, but this was "one too many for us." Of course we had to let go the line, and George yelled that "he would bring the boat up." This he did directly he could, and then rowed back for us in the dinghey. One way and another, we

lost nearly half-an-hour by this little blunder, and as I still insisted on getting to our proposed destination before breakfast, signs of mutiny began to show.

It was a distinct relief when we at last emerged from the little dyke, and again crossed the "Sounds." I might, perhaps, say, for the information of any who may come after me, that the channel to Hickling and Catfield across the reedy expanse of Heigham is quite distinct from the one we have just navigated. A yacht coming through Kendall Dyke must keep an even course for a belt of reeds which stands out very prominently to the west of the lake. Arrived at this point, and to gain the Old Meadow Dyke, the course must then be altered, and the first of three large posts (which are very conspicuous) steered for; by the time these are passed, at a distance of, say, ten feet, the mouth of the Old Meadow channel shows itself.

On the present occasion we were about to attempt another passage, and on arriving at the belt of reeds I have just mentioned, went about, roughly speaking, I should say, at an angle of thirty degrees north-west of our former course. Keeping straight ahead, a river-like channel of very respectable width is gained, and through this again a tiny lakelet called Whiteslea widens out. This Broad we crossed in fear and trembling, expecting every moment to find ourselves on the mud, but, to our extreme delight, no such catastrophe occurred.

Once across Whiteslea, another river-like space appears, but rather more contracted than the one I have just mentioned. This channel leads direct to our largest Broad, but as there was a big wind blowing, we decided on this

occasion not to attempt the passage, although we felt pretty confident we should have crossed in safety. We pulled up, if I may use the term, just below an eel-set, from which we could command a very fair view of the lake.

When we had lowered the sails and made everything temporarily snug, and whilst George started on the preparation of our long-delayed breakfast, we had time to look about us. To any who reach this point one fact must be especially apparent—that is, the extreme purity of the water. At the spot where my yacht was moored I am quite sure there is not less than twelve feet of water, and yet the bottom can be distinctly seen.

Our morning meal over, we busied ourselves with a regular clear-up. The rain of the last few days had made not a few things very damp and wet, and we determined to make the most of this glorious morning by getting everything dried. Our flag-halyards looked quite gay with the various coloured socks we tied thereto (George remarked that it “seemed like a regatta”), whilst the main shrouds were called into requisition as a drying-ground for three or four pairs of flannel unmentionables, &c. Afterwards Jack and I went ashore and gave the dinghey a thorough clean out, of which it was sadly in need.

When we started for Hickling (in the dinghey) it was past eleven, although both Jack and I agreed it seemed almost impossible for the time to have passed so quickly. The present was my friend's first sight of Hickling Broad, and he was extremely delighted with its grand appearance. This beautiful lake is the largest sheet of water in the district, and covers between four and five hundred acres. As I have

before said, the wind was blowing very strong, raising quite respectable waves, which, as we rowed across, washed frequently into the boat. As we had no wish to get wet through, we ultimately decided to make for Catfield Dyke, and then, under the lee of the tall rushes which fringe the sides of the Broad, to row to Hickling Staithe. By this means we managed to cheat the swell, although it made our trip very much longer than we expected or wished.

When we at last landed, we lost no time in making tracks for the village, where we hoped to get a supply of fresh meat, bread, eggs, &c. To our disgust, however, we found we were a day late for the butcher, so for that day's dinner we should have to fall back on our reserve; this, by the way, consisted of tins of McCall's Paysandu ox-tongue, which I can strongly recommend. The general shopkeeper at Hickling is, I should think, about as good a salesman as one is likely to meet. Our appearance, of course, betrayed that we were boating men, and one way and another, by the time we managed to escape from the store, we were all laden with packages of very respectable dimensions. I ought to add, however, that everything Mr Ward supplied was of first-rate quality.

We were just leaving the village, when John, who was a little bit ahead, suddenly exclaimed, "I'm blessed if there isn't old Joe Allen, with his man Mark, coming up the road."

"Old Joe Allen," be it known, was a yachting colleague, owner of a beautiful little four-tonner called the Violet.

"Here's a rum go!" said our friend, as we met. "Who should have thought of meeting you in this out-of-the-world place!"

- "Talk of the meeting of Livingstone and Stanley—it was simply nowhere," chaffed Jack, as we shook hands.

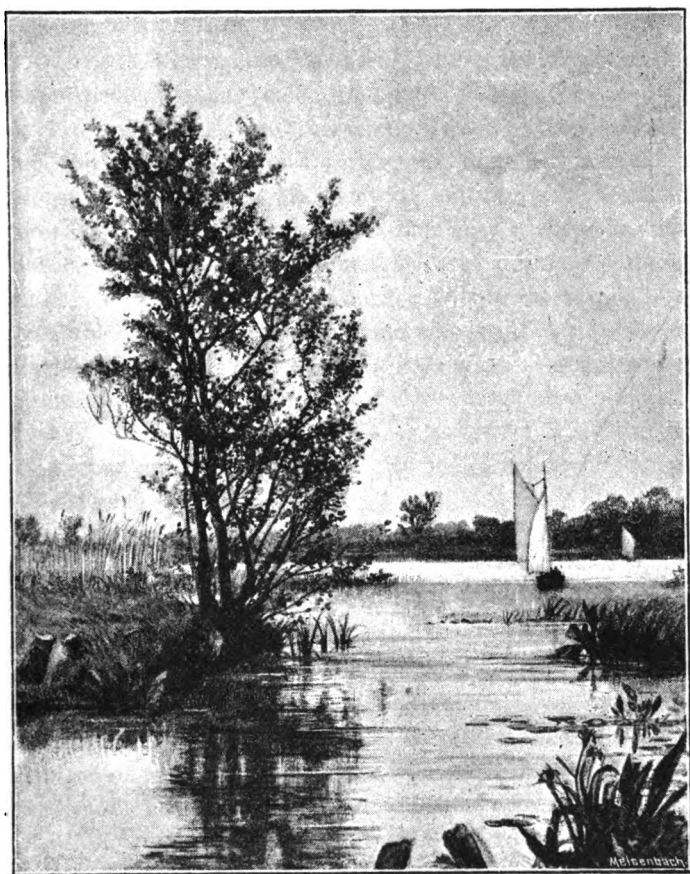
It then transpired that the Violet had that morning "fetched" Potter Heigham, and as her draught would not allow of her navigating the Sounds, they had sailed up in their dinghey.

As our friend had never been to Hickling before, we went for a stroll in company, first leaving our packages at a convenient inn. As there is not much to see, this did not take very long, and then we returned to the Pleasure Boat—the name of the house that adjoins the staithe. The skipper of the Violet very kindly offered to give us a tow over the Broad, and we were only too glad to accept his courtesy.

By the time we reached the Buttercup (where our friend left us, as he wanted to see Horsey Mere) the wind had so much fallen that we deemed it advisable to shake the reefs out of the sails and start with as little delay as possible.

As we crossed the Sounds we could see the white sail of Violet, junior, far away up the Old Meadow Dyke, and dipped our flag as a sort of complimentary signal. Whether this was seen or not, I must leave, as I quite forgot to ask when we met later in the evening. When we gained the Hundred Stream (as the Thurn is called above Heigham), we turned up the river, which gradually narrows beyond Martham Ferry, and again lowered sail at the mouth of the dyke leading to Martham Broad.

At this point the main channel appears to be lost in the marsh, but Jack and I attempted to force our way through the swampy jungle. In this way we penetrated for perhaps fifty yards, and then gave up further attempts, as our



BETWEEN THE SALHOUSE BROADS.

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olfactory nerves were assailed by odours the reverse of pleasant.

We now rowed up Martham Dyke to the Broad of the same name, crossing which, we landed at Somerton Staithe, where a large pleasure-wherry was lying. About half-way up, the dyke was dammed across, and beyond this about a dozen men were at work throwing out the soil. Looking down at the sturdy specimens of humanity engaged in this laborious occupation, I could not help remarking to John on the great height of several of them. This might have been a veritable land of giants, and, indeed, is the birthplace of Hales, who was seven feet six inches high, and weighed four hundred and fifty-two pounds. Looking through the Directory since, I find there is still quite a colony of the Hales at Somerton, and possibly some of the men I speak of rejoiced in the same name.

Just to "stretch our legs," as John put it, we walked round the village, and stayed till the light showed signs of waning; then we endeavoured to make up for lost time, and made such a rush for the Staithe that we lost ourselves. A friendly native, however, put us on the right track, and we found our way to the dinghey. Once on board the boat, we made her fly through the water, disturbing many a winged denizen of rush and reed. Once, as Jack rested on his oars, we heard a heavy splash, and at the same moment a number of wild-fowl rose. A little further along, an eel-setter, who was waiting for us to pass before fixing his nets, told us he had no doubt the disturbance was caused by an otter, of which there were several supposed to be lurking in the neighbourhood.

Reaching the Buttercup, we found George rather grumpy at our long absence, and suggesting we had better stay where we were for the night. This hardly accorded with our ideas, so we set to work, and in a very short space of time were under weigh. By the time we reached the Bridges it was quite dark, and a little difficulty was experienced in making all snug. Thanks, however, to it being a rule on the Buttercup to have everything in the right place, we were soon able to turn in and discuss dinner, for which we were quite ready. It had been arranged that George should run over to Yarmouth, "just to see his missus," and to get a fresh supply of provisions, &c., but we sat so long over our meal that it became a question as to whether he would be able to catch the train. Leaving us to clear up, he made a start just about twelve minutes before the train was due, arranging to throw three lighted matches into the river from the carriage window as he passed over the bridge.

"There's one thing we may make almost sure of," said Jack; "that is, the train will be half-an-hour late."

"I hope it may be so, but shouldn't care to bet on it."

John's prediction proved to be a correct one, as it was fully thirty minutes overdue when it started from the station. Of course we watched for the signal from George, and as the train thundered over the bridge, we saw the three lights, which he threw out one after the other.

"Shall we row through the Bridges and ask the captain of the Violet to come up for an hour or two?" suggested Jack.

"The very thing, my boy; I intended to have suggested it myself."

So we rowed down, and the "Violets" promised to come as soon as they had finished dinner. They, like ourselves, had stayed too long exploring.

As our friend said he should be quite an hour, we strolled up to the village, and happened to drop across the station-master, who, I should say, has rather a hard time of it, being the solitary "monarch of all he surveys" for sometimes sixteen hours a-day. He had grand ideas of what might happen to his company (the Eastern and Midlands) "if ever a harbour of refuge was opened" in the vicinity of Horsey or Palling, as was suggested a few years ago. That this is a very real necessity, none who see the Wreck Chart annually issued by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution can doubt. No spot on the coast-line of the United Kingdom is so thickly dotted with the tiny black spots, which in each case represent a wreck.

In such a country there is always special need for crews to man the lifeboats, and right nobly is the demand met. The men of Caister, equally with those of Palling, are always ready. Of a dreadful calamity which befel the crew of the former boat a few years since, I must not here give more than passing mention. About midnight of the 21st July, 1885, a vessel was seen to be in difficulties, and fifteen Caister fishermen put off in a yawl. Unfortunately, they ran into the mast of a submerged wreck, their craft was stove in, and only seven of the brave fellows were saved. Whilst I can scarcely help paying a tribute to their bravery, I must add that I think the construction of a harbour of refuge on this part of the coast is really necessary, and should engage the early attention of the Government. The importance of this

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subject will, I hope, be accepted as sufficient apology for the digression, but I must now return to my narrative.

Wishing our friend the station-master good-night, we hastened back to the Buttercup, fearing Captain Allen might call and find us "out." A hail from the bridge was at once answered by the owner of the Violet informing us "he was just coming." A few minutes later we were joined on board by the worthy skipper, and at once launched into a conversation on things aquatic. I don't know how it is, but if two (or more) men who are practically interested in this subject once start on it, there seems to be no end to the variety of aspects in which their hobby can be discussed. So it was now, and, smoking contentedly, we talked on and on, neither thinking nor caring how time was going. Sailors are generally given the palm for yarn-spinning, but I almost think the fresh-water "variety" are equally fond of detailing their various experiences. I cannot even pretend to recall all that passed in this way on the night I now speak of; if I did, I am quite sure the ordinary reader would throw my book on one side in disgust; but when I say it was past one o'clock before we parted for the night, it will be gathered that *we* were interested, at all events.

CHAPTER XII.

POTTER HEIGHAM TO ACLE.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour when we turned in on the night previous, we were out by six o'clock. Getting through the bridge, or bridges, was the first item in the day's programme, and it proved rather a stiff job, as the wind was blowing directly up-stream. We had made up our minds to do this before George returned, and after a great deal of really hard work with the quant, succeeded. We found we were not the only early risers, as the "Violets" were hard at work on their decks. When George at last turned up, everything was in "apple-pie order" on board; even the brasswork had come in for a share of our unwonted energy.

During breakfast, whilst looking through a daily paper which had been brought us from Yarmouth, I came across an item of news which threw a damper over our spirits for some time. It was the report of the death of one Arthur Sabberton, who lost his life in nobly attempting to save another from drowning. It happens that I wrote for *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*, in 1885, a series of papers called "Fourteen Days Afloat." The holiday it detailed was a success in every sense of the term, owing mainly to the exertions of the one who had now, two years and a-half later, met his death like a hero in endeavouring to save a helpless woman.

We had arranged for a day's sail, some time during our trip, with a friend at Martham, and intended walking over; but, somehow, the morning slipped away so rapidly that we elected to go by rail. Arrived at our friend's house, we learnt he had gone to Yarmouth, so we left a message for him to start by the first train next morning for Barton—or, rather, for Stalham, which is the nearest station to the Broad named.

Whilst I do not profess or claim to be anything of an archæologist, I have rather a weakness for looking into old buildings. The tourist with a similar taste should not omit to inspect Martham Church, which was restored in excellent taste in 1855. Most local works contain reference to a certain Christopher Burraway, who was buried here, and I do not doubt at various times his tombstone has been the shrine of many curious pilgrims whose sole object was to read the inscription thereon. I may say this morbid feeling can no longer be gratified, as when the restoration was carried out the stone was very wisely placed out of sight, under the organ.

On returning to our home on the water, we, of course, informed George of the arrangement we had made for the next day.

“There's one thing to be said about starting,” suggested George; “the Violet has had quite enough of it, and stopped.”

Looking down-stream, we could see what George said was perfectly true; our next-door neighbour of the morning had indeed given it up as a bad job. Our after-experience went to prove Mr Allen had acted wisely, as when we were

on the fifth tack we heard an ugly crash, and snap went the boom at the goose-neck. Running the boat into the wind was a move accomplished in about the same time it takes to tell. We then found the iron had run through the mainsail and made a nasty slit, and as my suit of canvas was quite new, I thought this rather hard lines.

I ought, perhaps, to have mentioned before that there is just below Potter Heigham Bridge a very picturesque boat-house, kept by a Mr Applegate, where all kinds of craft, sailing and otherwise, are let. It sometimes happens that a yacht lies here, so we made enquiries as to whether they had a spare boom they could lend us. Mrs Applegate thought they had; but the one which was eventually produced proved about seven feet too short, so we decided to find up the village carpenter and hear if he could do anything in the way of splicing our spar. After hammering at this individual's door about half-a-dozen times, a neighbour informed us that he was gone out.

On our way back to the boat we held a sort of council to discuss the best way out of the difficulty, and ultimately we came to the conclusion that it would be best for George to start by the next train for Yarmouth, and get a new spar made as quickly as possible. Having settled on this plan, I hurriedly wrote an order, and instructed George to do all he could to persuade the spar-makers to start on it directly. I take this opportunity of again acknowledging the courtesy of a yacht-owner who was in the train, in offering to lend us the boom of his yacht, the Gazelle. He could, of course, see what had happened, as my broken spar was lashed to the foot-board of the brake, and I am pleased to mention the incident,

as showing the kindly feeling which generally obtains amongst Norfolk boating men.

On our return for the second time to the Buttercup, we met a small boy carrying a huge turnip, and visions of the use it would be to George in the preparation of one of his stews induced me to open negotiations for its purchase. Presently a penny changed hands, and I of course took the turnip. To my surprise, the youngster immediately took to his heels, and Jack exclaimed, "You may depend the little wretch stole it." The fresh earth round the roots, and the close proximity of a field of the same vegetable, seemed to indicate that my chum's assumption was correct.

When, later on, we walked over to Martham to inform our friend of our mishap, we learned he had just before again left for Yarmouth; so, leaving a message for him to go to Potter Heigham instead of Barton, as previously arranged, we started back, not in the best humour. Although it was now pitch-dark, we had no doubt of our way, having gone over the road several times before. Our disgust may perhaps be better imagined than described, when at last the fact gradually forced itself on us that we had taken a wrong turn. A little way ahead, as it seemed, we could see a light, which probably emanated from some farm-house, where we hoped to be put on the right track. We therefore made for this with as little delay as possible, but were surprised at the time it took us. We might almost have been chasing a "will-o-the-wisp;" but the flat surface of the country round probably accounted for the delusion. A good idea will be gained of the unbroken character of the region of the Broads when I say that on a clear night the lights of Norwich (15 miles) and Yarmouth

(10½ miles) can be clearly seen from the bridge at Potter Heigham.

When we ultimately reached the farm the good folk were just retiring for the night, and our enquiries were answered from the bedroom window. It seemed we had gone a great deal out of our way, and it required some little amount of explanation before we could make quite sure of the directions given. 'This was a "lively finish to a lively day," and, indeed, when we reviewed the day's experiences before turning in, it seemed that nothing but ill-luck had followed us all through. To begin with, we had read of poor Sabberton's death; then we twice missed our friend at Martham; and now, to say nothing of the smashed boom and torn sail, we had finished up by losing ourselves. I really think I should have set this day's incidents apart and called it a "Chapter of Accidents."

The next day opened gloriously; there was not a cloud to be seen, and we could the better enjoy all this as we had nothing whatever to do, thanks to our exertions of the previous morning. After we had started the kettle, John went for a bit of a row in the dinghey, and on his return I took the boat and extemporised a sail with a folding chair belonging to the yacht. I found I could run up-stream splendidly, as I had a stern breeze; but getting back was quite a different matter, for tacking was, of course, out of the question. Lowering sail, or, rather, folding up the chair, I started to row, and although I am very fond of this exercise as a rule, I was quite tired out on reaching the Buttercup.

We had nearly finished our meal, when, on happening to look out, I saw R——, our friend from Martham, and whom

we had given up, coming along the road. Although we very much wished for his company on board, I must confess to almost wishing we had never asked him to come, under the circumstances, as if our boom did not arrive by the next train we could not possibly start before four in the afternoon. Perhaps I ought not to have said this, but I know him too well to fear giving offence by the remark.

Our feelings of vexation and annoyance will be understood when I state that the train arrived without bringing our much-wanted spar or George. It now became a question as to how we should fill up our time for the next four hours or so, and our friend volunteered a suggestion which we at once agreed to. It happens that he has the right of shooting over the marshes east of Kendall Dyke; so we hired a sailing-boat of Mr Laws, at the Waterman's Arms, and tried our luck with a gun. Over the marshes I mention the old Martham Coursing Meeting used to be held, and must have offered a fine field for the pursuit of that enjoyable sport. Beyond running about like three schoolboys, we did not do much execution with our gun (of course the usual number of chances were missed), and when we returned to the boat our total "bag" consisted of a very fine leveret.

"It's better than nothing at all," sang Jack; "and, what's more, it will make a very fine stew."

On regaining the river we had to tack, and as this was very slow work, John volunteered to tow us back. So he went ashore with a line, and rushed the little boat along at a fine rate. Presently he came to a part of the rond where the river had overflowed, and we suggested he should come aboard; but with his usual contempt for trifles of this kind,

nothing would induce him to take our advice, and he walked straight through, with water up to his ankles. This happened several times, but despite all our remonstrances he persisted in saying it didn't matter. The new boom was lying on the grass by the side of the yacht when we arrived, and, as George said, "didn't look a very likely one to carry away in a hurry." After bending the sail on, and before starting, we had to run up to the house and "square up" for the boat, &c.

Before leaving the Waterman's Arms I ought to say the accommodation offered by Mr Laws is fairly comfortable, and staying visitors will find everything scrupulously clean and the cooking good. Fishing men coming from a distance should write beforehand, to make sure of obtaining rooms, although lodgings could also probably be obtained in the village. This point may be considered as headquarters for a very extensive fishing country, as it completely covers the Thurn, with Heigham Sounds, &c. (leave for angling on the Sounds, by the way, can be granted by Mr Applegate, near the bridge), whilst the Ormesby section of the district can be easily reached by train.

It may perhaps have been noticed that, with two exceptions, I have made no reference to *our* fishing during the trip. The fact is, although I always keep rods and tackle on board, I very rarely use them; and in explanation of this I may say that my yacht takes up so much of my time that the opportunities seem to be few and far between. Of course, if I happened to be a really enthusiastic disciple of the "gentle Isaac," I should probably make use of my chances, but at present my yachting hobby stands first and foremost,

and amateur yachtsmen know full well that there is always something to do on board.

To return to my narrative. Daylight was showing signs of waning when we again sailed on the waters of the Bure, but, somehow, on this lovely finish of an Indian summer-day the twilight was slow to make itself apparent. The sun had gone down in a misty halo of purple light, and the afterglow had an altogether indescribable effect on the water-way, as we drifted rather than sailed—so slight was the faintly-felt zephyr which filled our sails—toward our night's stopping-place. We sat and lay about for'ard, chatting of this and that, and forming plans for future trips, entirely heedless of the occasional grumble from George, who declared we should not reach Acle by midnight.

In our then frame of mind we did not care for his complainings, but at last, as the gloaming deepened, it became colder, and we discovered that we were exceedingly hungry. We then elected to relieve George of his charge, so that he could start on the preparation of dinner at once. He therefore disappeared down the forepeak, and presently our appetites were whetted by the savoury smell of beefsteak coming through the hatchway. When at length we were snug for the night, George's cooking was pronounced excellent; and in this connection I would suggest that all visitors to the Broads should dine late. I always consider the middle of the day as too precious to be wasted in the cooking of food; so on the Buttercup we simply lunch at about one o'clock, and at the end of our day's excursion, whilst some of the crew busy themselves in making everything snug, others prepare dinner. In this way the most is made of the holiday

on the water, and I commend our plan to all my brother amateur yachtsmen in Norfolk and Suffolk, as well as those coming from a distance, who of course wish to see as much as possible of the district.

Later on we walked up to the rising little town of Acle, which is about a mile and a-half from the river. The worthy proprietor of the chief hotel in the place (the Queen's Head), Mr Pearce, was requisitioned for a horse and trap to drive our friend R—— back to Martham, and as he was in no particular hurry, we stayed chatting long after the horse was put in. Eventually we made a start at about ten o'clock, and accompanied R—— as far as the bridge, where we wished him good-bye.

We expected George would have been waiting for us at the Bridge House, but to our surprise found the favourite old inn in darkness. Evidently the good folk had all gone to bed; so we went on a hunt for the dinghey, which we concluded must have been left somewhere about. To our extreme disgust, however, the boat was nowhere to be seen; and we had, therefore, to start along the river-wall to where the Buttercup was lying. Arrived at this, we shouted ourselves nearly hoarse, but without waking up George, who had apparently followed the example of the people at the house, and turned in. I ought, perhaps, to explain that part of the road which intervened the river-wall and the yacht (which corresponds on a smaller scale to the "washes" of the Fen district) was covered with water. Of course we could not tell with any certainty the depth of this, as a sort of swampy bog generally covered the inner half of the space now completely submerged. Tired of waiting about in the cold,

we at last determined to go through and chance what might happen. As a precaution, we took off our shoes and socks and turned up our flannels as far as we could get them. Having made up our minds for a wetting, we did not stay to think about it, but rushed through as quickly as possible, the water coming just above our knees. Shaking with cold, and angry at having to go through such an experience, I hurled my shoes aboard, and the next moment heard a heavy splash, leaving no doubt one had gone into the water. When we boarded the "lugger" (as one of my friends insists on calling the Buttercup) later, I found that such was indeed the case.

I might, perhaps, have mentioned that when we rowed to the house earlier in the evening we had noticed how distinctly phosphorescent the water was; before we now came on board we observed another curious instance of the effect of this, in the fact that in walking along the rond our footmarks left a distinct impression, and little dots not unlike electric sparks were plainly observable.

I scarcely need say that we made haste to divest ourselves of our sodden unmentionables, and fully appreciated the snug and warm little cabin, where our man had fortunately left lights burning. At no time during our trip had we felt so tired out as we did that night, and when we got into bed and wished each other good-night, we fell asleep the instant the lights were out. I have used the expression "got into bed," and as this sounds perhaps a little too civilised for a small yacht like mine, I beg to say the phrase is correct in every sense. In explanation of this, I ought to give particulars as to how it is managed. The details are very simple: a

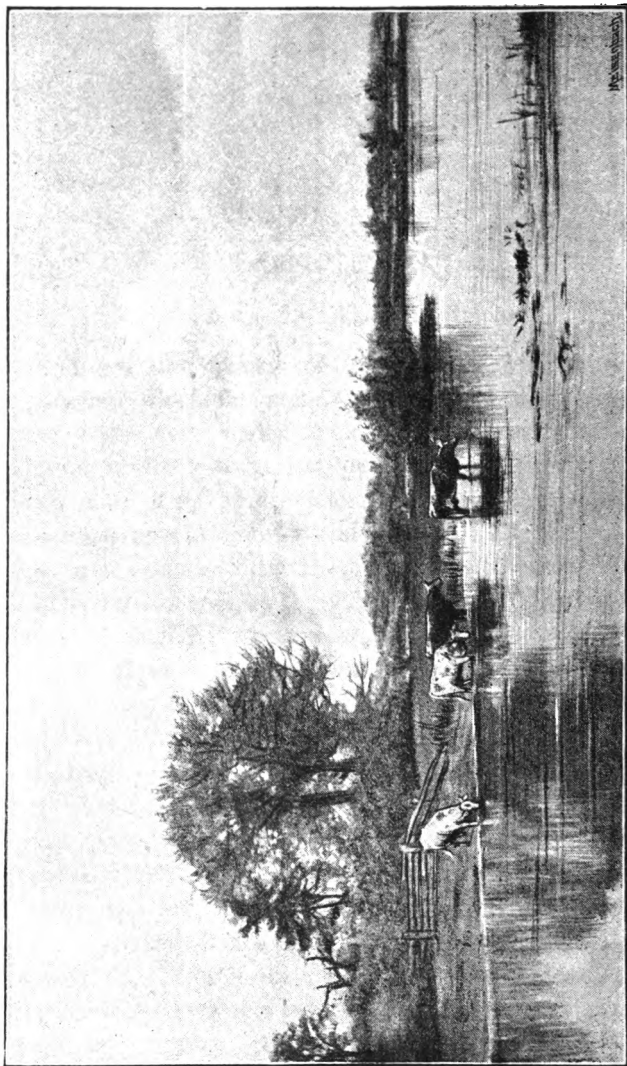
blanket (best doubled) is sandwiched, as it were, between an inner sheet and an outer coverlet; the whole is then sewn together—and your bed is complete. The dodge is an old one to boating men, but I question if it is possible to improve on it. The great feature of this arrangement is that you cannot possibly kick the things off during the night, and although I am often chaffed about my “bags,” I mean to keep to them, as beating all the rugs in existence. Of course, rough temporary adaptations of this excellent plan can be brought from a distance, but my own are permanent features of the boat, and I never turn in without blessing my dear little mother for the extra trouble she took in making them.

CHAPTER XIII.

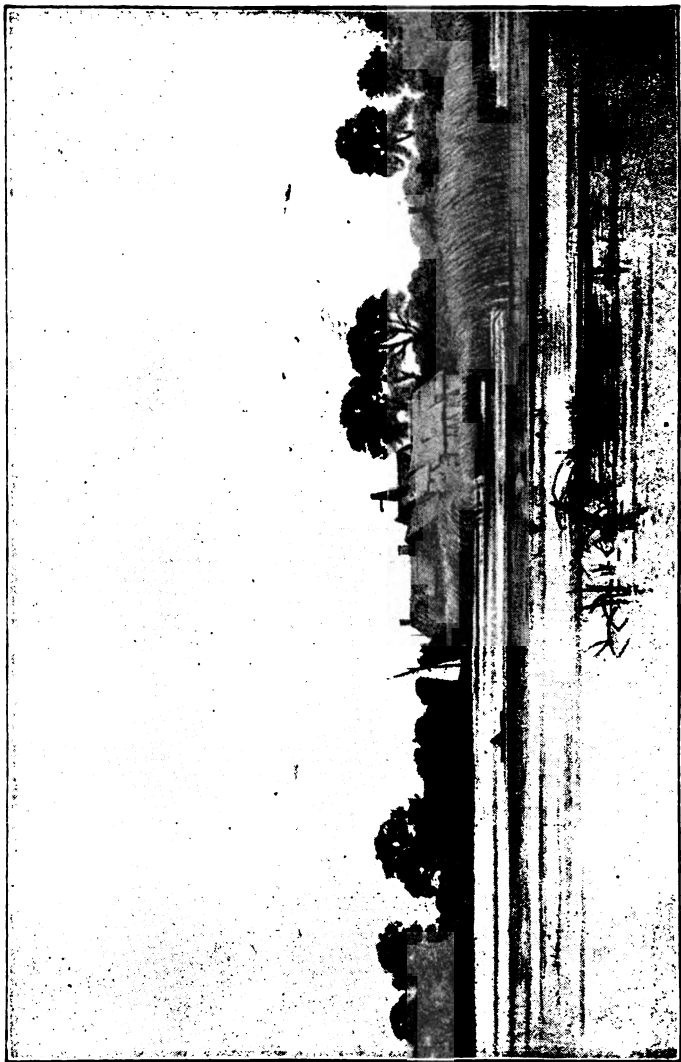
ACLE TO WROXHAM BRIDGE.

Since the opening of the railway from Norwich to Yarmouth which intersects Acle, the latter place has become one of the most popular of our fishing and yachting stations. It was anciently a market town, and bids fair to attain to something of its former importance, as well-attended stock sales are now held every week; latterly, too, a corn market has been established, and a branch bank opened. Possibly the facilities offered by the excellent inn at the riverside (of which I shall have something more to say), as well as the Queen's Head, King's Head, &c., have something to do with the annually increasing incursion of visitors. Certain it is, however, that nowhere in the district can better sport be obtained; whether on fishing or yachting bent, the tourist will have difficulty in finding more suitable ground. Just to show piscators at a distance what they may expect, I may say that one boat, in rowing from the bridge to St Benedict's Abbey and back last year, landed twenty-two pike. This fresh-water shark was caught in very large numbers all the season, but I think the "catch" I record was the largest, although I know of two other "hauls" of sixteen and eighteen.

1917



LITTLE SALHOUSE BROAD.



BANWORTH BROAD.

I may say that boats are let by Mr Benns, at the Hermitage Staithe, but undoubtedly the station which is most convenient in every way is the Bridge Inn. The worthy host and hostess, Mr and Mrs Rose, do all in their power to make visitors comfortable, and, in addition, Mr Rose is "one who knows" all about the fishing. That he practises the "gentle art" with some success is evidenced by the well-preserved specimens of the finny tribe which adorn the walls of the house; one case contains a brace of very fine salmon trout, whilst another exhibits an enormous pike, and others show roach, bream, &c., in more or less natural attitudes.

During breakfast George remarked that this would have been just the morning for fishing; but it happened that we had a friend coming from Norwich for the day, so we spent the time in tidying up—the process which is always in progress on a yacht, but never completed. Then, leaving instructions for all to be ready for a start on my return, I rowed down to the bridge, where Jay (Mr Rose's man) was waiting to drive me to the station. With the punctuality which generally obtains on the Great Eastern Railway, the train arrived to the minute, and, indeed, it may not be out of place to give a word of praise to the company for the general facilities they offer the boating public.

"Well, Brittain, I couldn't have picked a lovelier day if I had tried," was my friend's remark as we shook hands; and, indeed, it was a perfect day—neither too hot nor too cold, whilst overhead the sky was cloudless. The air, too, was so clear and bracing that it seemed almost to give new life. This latter particular constitutes a special feature of the

Broad district, as probably nowhere in England would it be possible to find greater purity of atmosphere.

A writer in a London journal recently spoke of the "malaria-giving Norfolk waters." I thought this fallacy was exploded years ago, and I challenge him to prove a single instance of the effects he alleges. I claim to know what I am talking about on this subject, as I have slept out at all times, from the beginning of April to the end of October, for the last five or six years. The fact, too, that a very numerous class live afloat the whole year round says something for the salubrity of our waterways. Of course I refer to the wherry-men, than whom a finer race of bargees does not exist.

We got under weigh at about eleven o'clock, with wind and tide in our favour. In about the third reach from the bridge, an old mill, dating as far back as 1753, stands very near the river, and as we passed it George spun us a terrific yarn of how "once upon a time" a wherry was caught by the whirling sails and had her gaff and (I think he added) mast carried away. Whilst I cannot personally vouch for the truth of this tale, I must admit that sometimes the sails appear to come uncomfortably near.

Just past this, if one keeps one's eyes open, two church towers will be seen in the distance, strangely near to each other. They are, in fact, in the same churchyard at South Walsham, and the churches are respectively dedicated to St Mary and St Lawrence. The latter was burnt down in a fearful fire which occurred on the 30th June, 1827; that it was a very fierce one will be gathered when I mention that one of the bells was completely melted. The church was rebuilt in 1882, although one can hardly understand why it should have been thought necessary.

Our visitor having expressed the wish to look round St Benedict's Abbey, the yacht was brought up, and he and I rowed across to inspect the ruins. The original settlement of a monastic body here probably dates back a thousand years. By 1020 the monastery had become so powerful that Canute created it a mitred Benedictine Abbey. Tradition says that about half-a-century later it withstood a siege by the Conqueror, until it was betrayed by a member of the order. The traitor appears to have made a bargain that he should be created Abbot as the price of his crime; but it affords one a certain grim satisfaction to know that immediately after this was carried out he was hanged.

It has been frequently said that the Bishop of Norwich is also Abbot of St Benedict's—"the only one in England." This is accounted for by the fact that the Abbey of St Benet's-at-Holm was never really suppressed. I may, perhaps, be allowed a slight digression to tell how this came about—or, rather, did not come about. At the time that Henry VIII. was making such efforts to rid himself of Catherine, the Abbot of St Benedict's was one William Rugg, who rendered himself conspicuous by his arguments in favour of the divorce. This William Rugg, who appears to have been as unscrupulous as he was well-informed, foresaw the probable dissolution of monastic establishments throughout the country, and resolved to turn his advocacy of the King's cause to account. Events seemed to favour his designs, for in 1535 Bishop Nix of Norwich died, and Rugg resolved, if possible, to obtain the vacant appointment. To do this, he suggested to Henry that the revenues then pertaining to the bishopric should revert to the Crown, and that in place thereof

it should in future depend upon those of the priory of Hickling and the monastery of St Benedict's. The King of course fell in with the idea, an Act was passed sanctioning the transfer, and the Abbot was duly installed as Bishop of Norwich. In this way the Abbey was never dissolved, but its poverty soon led to its decay. The Abbey gateway is now all that remains of the once magnificent pile, although at some little distance away parts of the old walls can be traced. The old porch has suffered at the hands of utilitarians who erected thereon a mill; but this is falling into ruin so much faster than the work of our forefathers, that a few generations hence it will probably have entirely disappeared.

We spent some little time in looking round the time-hallowed relics of a bygone day, and then rowed back to the Buttercup, and were soon again under weigh. I wish it were in my power to put into words a tithe of the pure enjoyment afforded by a trip on the water on such a lovely day as this. I feel, indeed, that the whole narrative of our cruise falls far, very far, short of adequately describing not only the district, but the amount of real pleasure experienced. I have already referred to a paper I contributed to *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*; besides this I happen to have written several other articles, and sometimes my friends ask me if I am not getting tired of writing about my favourite hobby. Some say, too, that my enthusiasm is too great to last. I can honestly affirm, in answer to all this, that I am looking forward to season '87 with greater zest than ever, and that although our system of waterways is to me an open book, I always find something new to attract and interest in every succeeding excursion.

"Of course we stop at the Ferry, George," said I, as we

neared the old spot we had visited so many times before. So the yacht is swung into the wind, and presently we land. The servants are going about the place more quietly than usual, and we of course enquire the cause. We learn that our old friend the host is upstairs ill, and that for the first time for many years he is not able to be amongst the pheasants on the opening day of the shooting. We express the hope that he will soon be better, and our friend having, of course, subscribed the "Visitors' Book," we continue our journey up the river.

From Horning upward the Bure is beautifully wooded. Now and again one catches a glimpse of some Broad through the trees, but on the present occasion we did not stay to explore them. Once we caught a puff of wind which caused the yacht to careen so suddenly that the water poured over the coamings into the well. The jib-sheets were, however, eased off too quickly to allow of any serious mishap.

"What a very charming country we are coming to!" said my friend, as we neared Salhouse.

"Yes, I like it better than any part I know; we'll stay here for luncheon." So on to the Broad we sailed, and made for a large boat-house on the opposite side, and under the lee of the slight eminence which borders the lake we stopped. After resting awhile we started on a little voyage of discovery in the dinghey, and endeavoured to land on the eastern side. The high tides of the past few days had, however, rendered this impossible, as the marshland was sodden.

"Well, I don't like being beaten; we'll try somewhere else;" so we re-embarked and rowed to another point, where I was nearly sure of landing, but this was also found to be

impracticable. A third attempt was successful, as we managed, after a great deal of trouble, to reach the higher ground beyond the marshy rond. Our visitor rather wondered at my persistence, but I had a little treat in store for him, which fully compensated for the trouble we had taken. We walked along the circular path which winds through the grounds, till we reached a rather steep little hill. Up this we climbed, and then I challenged my friend to tell me if he had ever seen a prettier view in Norfolk. This particular spot happens to be a great favourite of mine, and is seen to its best advantage at the end of April or beginning of May, when the trees are not so thickly covered with leaves as at a later season.

“What lovely blackberries! I never saw finer;” and, indeed, my friend was right in his description; so we indulged in a feast of the luscious fruit as we wandered back to the river, and then gathered a quantity of the finest clusters to take back to the yacht. It happens that the part of the river where we found this fruit is called the “Black Currant Reach,” but as we embark once again we both declare that “Blackberry Reach” would be a much more appropriate name.

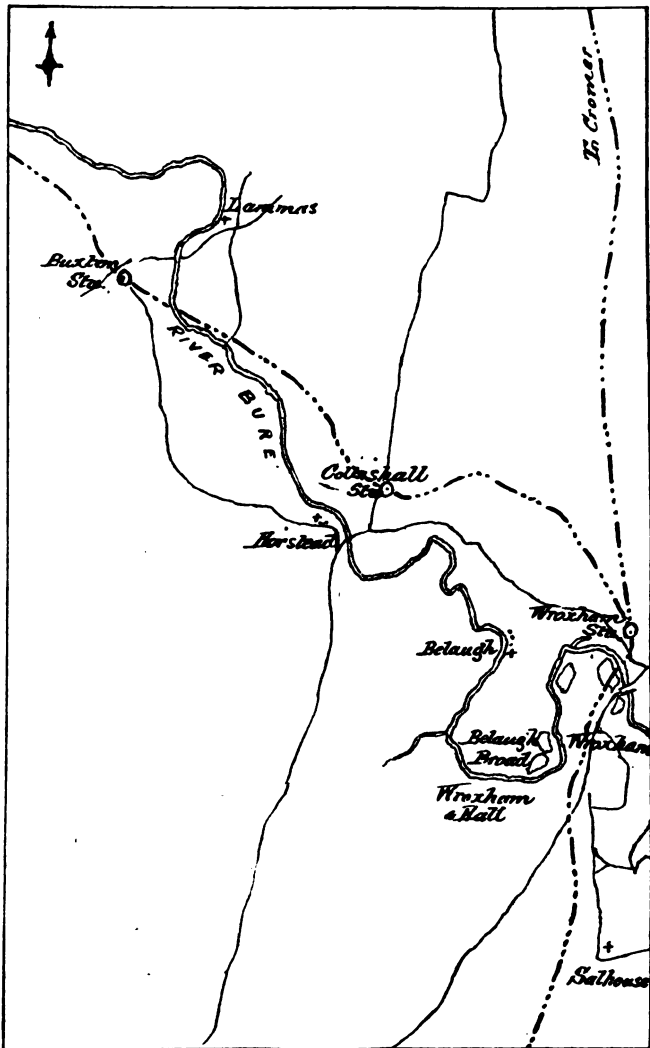
On our return to the yacht we found both Jack and George busy cleaning and dissecting the leveret we shot the day before, and generally making preparations for a first-rate stew for our dinner later on. I am afraid I may have given too much prominence to this item of our cookery, and solemnly promise not to again refer to it. This must not, however, prevent me from telling of a little mishap which befel us on this occasion. When the leveret was quite prepared for the saucepan, nothing would satisfy John but to throw

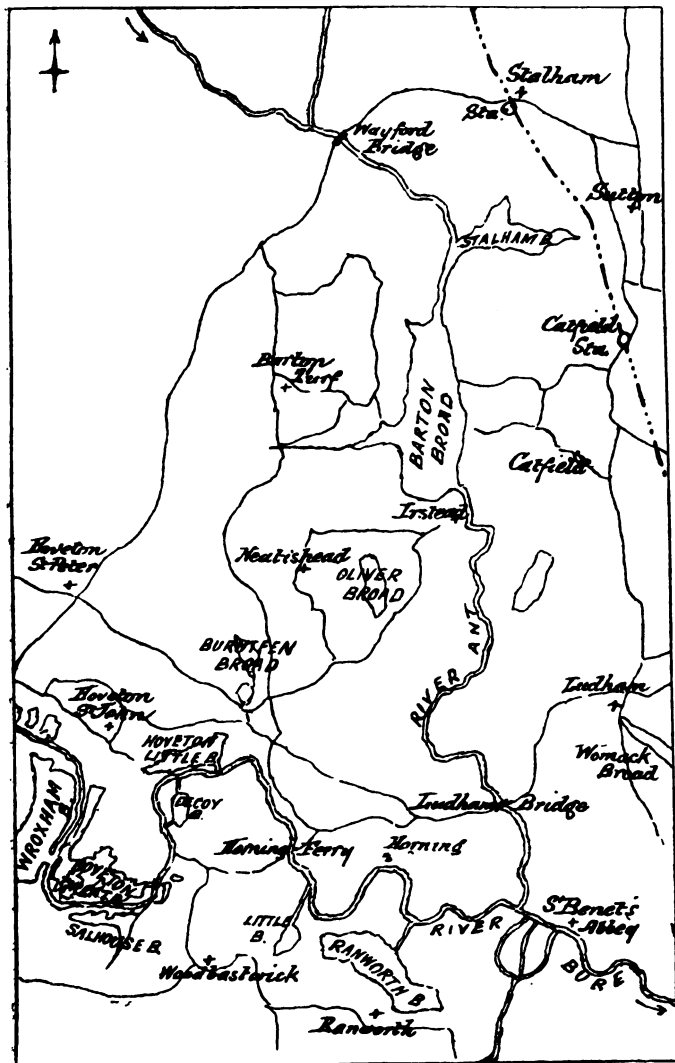
the various parts piece by piece to George, who held the yacht's pail for their reception in the stern-sheets. We all warned him of the probable result, and presently one of the hind legs dropped into the water, and, of course, immediately sank. When again under weigh, I scarcely need say we chaffed him unmercifully, but he took our banter in his usual unconcerned way.

The sail from Salhouse to Wroxham Broad occupied a very short time, and when once again on that lovely lake we could not help comparing its appearance with that of a week before, when a dead calm held possession of its surface. Now, however, the scene was indeed changed, and the scamper across its ruffled waters was most exhilarating. We had taken several turns round, when our visitor suddenly drew attention to the bowsprit, which was bending like a fishing rod. A hurried inspection, as the yacht was shot into the wind, revealed the fact that the lanyards of the bowsprit-shrouds had carried away. We therefore lost no time in making for the shore, where the mischief was speedily righted.

“What a lucky thing it was noticed in time to save the spar,” was the expressed opinion of all as we again tore across the Broad, this time making again for the river, where, under the lee of the trees, we sailed more quietly to Wroxham Bridge.

That night when we turned in the wind whistled through the rigging ominously, and used as we were to roughing it, it was longer than usual before the oblivion of sleep overtook us.





1/2 1 mile

CHAPTER XIV.

WROXHAM TO BARTON AND ACLE.

Before we leave Wroxham I ought to say something of the accommodation of the place, as, next to Oulton, it is the centre most frequented by visitors. It should be noted that the proper name of the village lying between the bridge and the railway-station is Hoveton St John, and that Wroxham proper is on the west side of the river, although the station of the Great Eastern Railway is named after the latter place.

Hoveton (or "Hofton," as it is locally pronounced) is a great centre for Norwich fishermen, many of whom walk over on Sundays and spend the day in the most innocent of all recreative pursuits. A greater number still arrive by rail, and lucky is the man who gets a boat, especially if he has not taken the precaution to write beforehand. The great popularity the place enjoys is well illustrated by the crowded state of the railway-station every holiday, when one can scarcely find standing-room.

There are two capital inns within three minutes' walk of the Station—the King's Head, kept by Jimpson, and the Horse Shoes, by Whittaker; at the latter great civility is always shown, and a capital stock of boats will be found. Yachts and sailing-boats are also let by Mr John Loynes, who

has obtained prize medals for his craft, which are specially built for our waters. Beside the accommodation I have mentioned (and in addition to the Wroxham Castle), there are now several private houses where clean and comfortable lodgings can be obtained.

The fishing is free on the river, but if the piscator wishes to try his hand on the Broad, he must obtain a ticket (price half-a-crown) from Mr C. J. Greene, of London-street, Norwich, who will be happy to give any information on fishing subjects, and to supply the paraphernalia necessary for the practice of the gentle art. I hope that tourists who may be induced to visit Norfolk will not take "French leave" to fish on the Broads, nearly all of which are private. The riparian owners as a rule willingly grant permission, and I am quite sure there is greater pleasure in obtaining the proprietor's order legitimately than in poaching on private water. I use the term "poaching" advisedly, as although there may be a great deal to say about the right of the public to follow the tide, every attempt to establish this has so far failed.

It might, perhaps, have been desirable to give in this work some sort of list of fishing "spots," or to have marked them on the sectional maps. On thinking the matter over, I have come to the conclusion (to quote Artemus Ward) that "it can't be did," as their name is simply legion. Information is, however, willingly given at each of the several stations on all points connected with the immediate neighbourhood, and the capital reports in the *Fishing Gazette* and *Land and Water* from time to time will give a very fair-idea of the best head-quarters.

“ Well, Johnny, my boy ; we shall soon say good-bye to Wroxham for this season,” I remarked, as we both lay in our berths enjoying the last few minutes in bed. A long-drawn sigh was the reply I received at first, and then we talked of the events of the boating season, which would all too soon be a thing of the past. Altogether it was voted to have been a very successful one, but we both indulged in the hope that next year might be even more so.

Our castle-building was at last interrupted by George, who had commenced preparations for an early start. Presently we heard the awning over the well flapping, and as this sounded really like business, we were soon on deck lending a hand. The wind was blowing big guns that morning, and although we reefed everything close, George more than once declaimed against the unwisdom of getting under weigh in such a gale. As we had, however, made up our minds the night previous to get to Horning before breakfast, we determined to make the attempt.

Fortunately, we made a clean start, but soon found we had all our work cut out for us. However, we held on, although the excitement was very great. Every now and again a squall caught us, and the little yacht seemed as though it must capsize, or some of our standing rigging carry away. As we neared the entrance to Wroxham Broad, we almost decided to give it up, the water was looking so choppy.

“ Say the word,” said George, who had charge of the tiller, “ and I’ll swing her into the wind before anything happens.”

“ What do you say, Johnny ? I vote we keep on and chance it.”

“Right you are, my boy; we are sure of the boom this time, anyway,” replied Jack; and so the order was given.

Of course, all these excited queries and equally excited replies occupied much less time than it takes to write, and when too late to retract our decision we wished we had taken our man's advice. Just as we reached the dreaded spot, a squall, which had, of course, gained force in crossing the open waters of the lake, struck us. For a moment the yacht seemed to tremble, and then was almost thrown on to her beam ends, the water pouring over the plankways and into the well. Luckily, we had taken the precaution to uncleat all the sheets, or our trip would have come to a very hurried finish, and a wet one to boot.

“Now have you had enough of it?” asked George, anxiously; but for the second time we decided to keep ahead. Just as we reached Salhouse we were again caught in a squall, and I must confess to feeling a little bit scared. I was standing “for’ard,” when presently, and without a moment's warning, the water was pouring all round me, and I heard John yell, “There goes the jib.” My order to lie-to was anticipated by George, and in a very short space of time we were out of danger—real danger it had undoubtedly been, and I have to thank a strong pair of arms for enabling me to hold on to the rigging. On looking round, we ascertained that no casualty had occurred, and that it was simply the jib-sheet running through the block that made John think something had happened to the sail.

From this point there was a free wind all the way to Horning; so we determined to make the mainsail snug, and try with the jib alone. Comparatively tiny as was this spread

of canvas, we made rapid headway, and reached the Ferry without further incident. Breakfast over, we set to work to put things a little bit in order, as our morning's sail had completely upset the interior arrangements of the yacht. Amongst other details, we gave the cabin cushions a thorough cleaning; these, I may say, are covered with crimson plush, which, while looking very nice, has one drawback—that of gathering lints. We have found by experience that the best way to clear this off is to run them on clean grass, and as there was a nice patch next-door to the yacht, we (Jack and I) started racing up and down. Presently we heard a laugh, and, looking round, found a bright pair of eyes watching us. It appeared that the owner of the eyes in question had been amused by our antics for some little time, and now enquired if she could help us. This was, of course, quite out of the question, but we kept up a (literally) running conversation until our labours ceased, when we went up to the house for supplies, liquid and otherwise.

I ought to have said before that the hostel known as Horning Ferry takes its name from the fact that a horse-ferry is connected therewith. This is really a huge pontoon, worked by means of chains, and capable of carrying even a waggon and horses across the stream. I may say here that the attraction of this quiet retreat consists not only in its absolutely homelike character, but in its central position on the Bure, making all the lakes easily accessible for day excursions. I would particularly impress on any visitor that South Walsham and Ranworth Broads are worth rowing ten times the distance to see. The first-mentioned lake is gained by a dyke which empties into the river just opposite St Benedict's Abbey, and although a

comparatively small sheet of water, it is one of the most delightful of the Broads. Ranworth, too, is very charming, and the church, which stands so boldly above, makes a picture not soon forgotten. The church, it may be remarked, contains a famous rood-screen. Both of these Broads are private, but a quiet pull over their lovely extent is not generally objected to in the summer, although fishing is strictly prohibited. There are a number of other Broads within easy distance of Horning, which we did not explore during our trip, as they were so well known to us. Those who may wish to vary their stay with a country stroll should not omit to inspect Woodbastwick Church, which is really a model country church, and well worthy a visit.

When we were again under sail, the wind had gone down considerably, and we enjoyed the "lull after the storm" immensely. A very prominent object in this neighbourhood, and one which stands out so boldly as to demand observation, is Horning Church. The river is of a very sinuous character in its vicinity, so that one appears almost to sail round it. Adjoining the church is the Vicarage, and one cannot help thinking the occupier of such a charmingly-situated residence has a very pleasant lot assigned to him.

By about eleven o'clock we reached the river Ant—the Bure's second tributary—and, under protest from George, turned up this narrow little stream. About a mile from the mouth one's progress is arrested by Ludham Bridge, so we had to lie-to again. It had been my intention to lower the mast and sail on, but the wind happening to be contrary, our man declared it would be no use attempting it, as tacking was out of the question in such confined waters. Perhaps I was a

little inclined to be persistent that morning, so I teased George by telling him I had turned down by moonlight two or three years before. He answered this with a grunt and a look of incredulity, which suddenly changed to triumphant assertion as he declared his willingness to get the mast down at once. Now, this sudden change of front looked suspicious; so we asked what he was driving at.

“Only that you *can't* get through the bridge till low tide.”

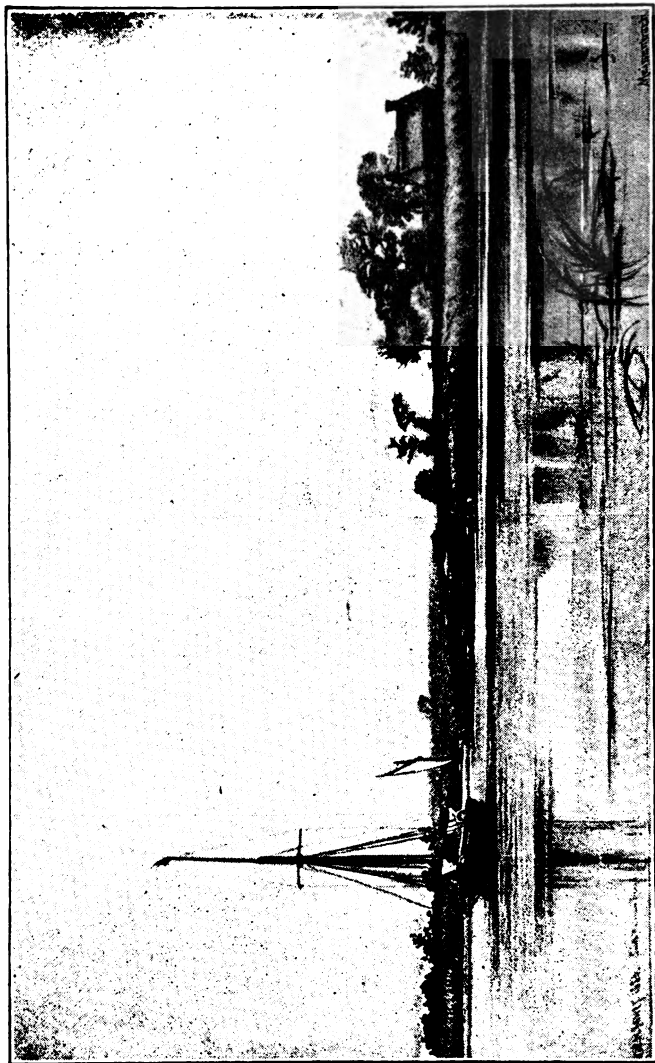
“You don't mean to say”——

“Yes, I do ‘mean to say’ that it's quite impossible. Come with me in the dinghey, and I'll prove it,” said George.

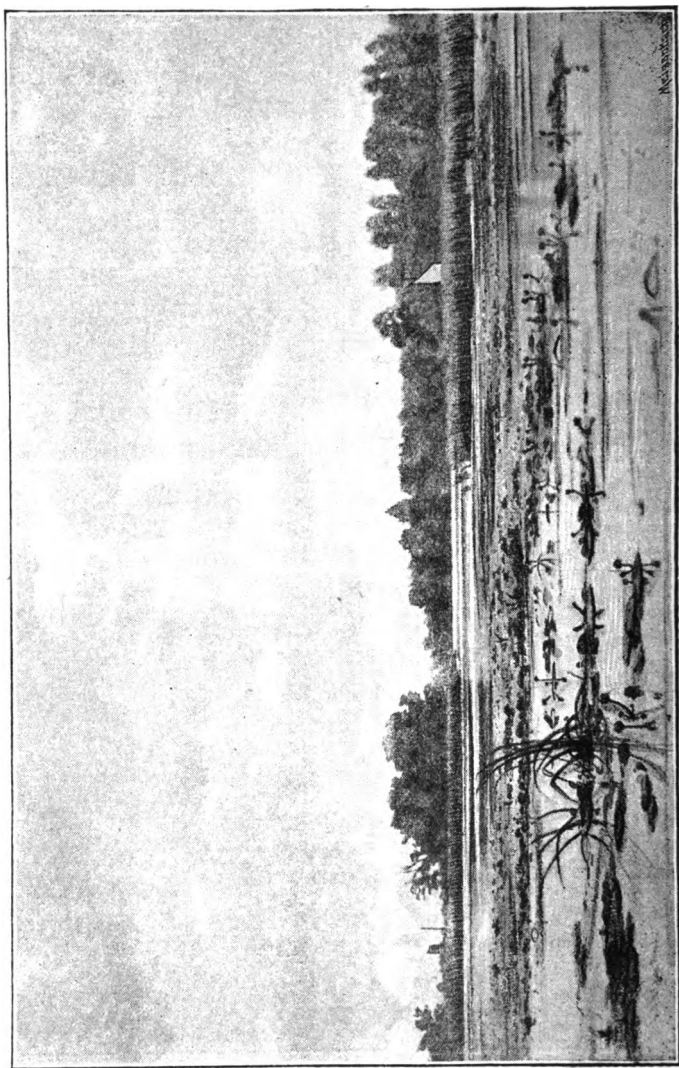
So we rowed to the bridge and measured the height roughly with an oar; returning again to the yacht, we found it would be a very close thing for the tabernacle, and, much to George's delight, we decided to give up the idea, but to row or tow up in the dinghey. As this would take us the best part of the day, we provisioned the boat with material for luncheon, and were about starting, after locking up, when a happy thought suddenly occurred to me. Borrowing the cabin key, I dived inside for notepaper and pencil and a book for desk.

“The gov'nor looks like business this morning, Mr Y——,” said George, as I made myself comfortable in the stern and commenced writing. And, indeed, I felt like “business,” as the sheets were rapidly filled with the occurrences of days before. In this connection I might perhaps say that although I cannot claim to have a good memory generally, yet the incidents of my yachting trips appear almost to be stereotyped on my brain, so although my diary

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SOUTH WALSHAM DYKE, FROM THE BROAD.



SOUTH WALSHAM INNER BROAD.

had fallen sadly into arrears, I had no difficulty in committing to paper all that had happened, although John more than once grumblingly asserted it would never be completed. Whilst I am at work with my papers a spirit of mischief appears to possess John, who every now and again worries George with some antic or another, until at last he takes refuge in flight, making as his excuse the suggestion that we shall get on quicker by towing. So for a time I am quite undisturbed, and as I feel "in form," I am afraid it is rather slow work for my chum; but at last I give it up for a bit of a rest.

The higher we get up the river, the prettier it becomes, and when we reach Irstead Shoals (a famous spot for pike and perch—more especially the latter) we are much struck with the pretty little church of St Michael. Perhaps it owes something to its position, but I confess the view selected by Mr G. C. Davies in his first series of photo-etchings is a very special favourite of mine. At some little distance from the church, and on the opposite side of the river, the hull of an old yacht has been converted to the uses of an eel-set, and, as we pass by, forms the subject of speculation as to when it was last under sail.

A very little distance from the Shoals, Barton Broad is gained, and a beautiful lake it is, covering three hundred acres. In the centre of the Broad is a little island, perhaps half-an-acre in extent; to this we rowed, and as it was declared a capital place for luncheon, we stayed for nearly an hour. The view from this point is very pretty and extensive, and just then was enlivened by two yachts, one a cutter, the other a lateen. The last-named rig, by the way, used to be in common use on

Norfolk waters ; the enormous foresail permitted of the boats being sailed extremely close to the wind, besides which they could be worked single-handed. One very bad characteristic, however, led to their ultimate disuse : this fault consisted in running completely under with a stiff stern breeze. Had I the time or space, I could give many a yarn of the consequences of this ugly trick of theirs, which a veteran lateen sailor at Stalham once told me. The cutter I have mentioned was very skilfully managed by its one occupant, and we were much interested in the evident practical knowledge he had of the different channels ; these are marked out by posts, but to any one unacquainted with the Broad, appear as maze-like as possible. When we started again in the dinghey for Barton, the wind had nearly died away, and the effect of everything reflected on the surface of the lake was very beautiful. Once or twice I asked George to cease rowing, so peaceful everything appeared, and we felt sorry when we at last turned into the dyke leading to Barton Staithe, where, of course, the view was more confined.

I don't suppose the weekly half-holiday movement has extended to Barton, but if so, I should guess Saturday must be devoted to its observance. Anyway, the only living soul we saw as we rowed to the landing-place was a small boy on a wherry, who was playing with a toy fishing-rod, and who intently watched his float with all the gravity of a much older devotee of the "gentle art." Further along, we passed a boat-building yard, where several wherries were lying, in and out the water ; but all these were entirely untenanted. When we landed, too, we might have come to a village of the dead, for all the evidences of life, in the active sense, that we could

discover. Presently, however, a door opened, and a healthy-looking lass appeared, who seemed extremely astonished when we asked the time; evidently she thought we were making fun of her, but at last accepted the explanation that we had forgotten our watches.

“Twenty minutes to four,” she announced; and we suddenly realised the fact that if we intended making Acle we must lose no time in starting back. So after thanking our fair informant, we hurriedly embarked, and soon the little dinghey was forging through the water at a very rapid rate. When the first spurt was over, and we were going more quietly, we noticed perfect shoals of fish, which darted in all directions on our approach. I should say the fishing on Barton Broad is free in the summer-time, by courtesy of the owner, and is easily gained from Stalham (a station on the Eastern and Midlands Railway), where boats can be hired and every accommodation found.

As we entered the river again, I asked George to ease off “just for a last peep at the Broad.” Of course he assented, but warned us we must not stay long, as we had all our work cut out. So we started again, but as a bend of the river shut out the view, I could not help remarking to John that if visitors were not delighted with the scenery of our lakeland, they must be difficult indeed to please.

The long row across the Broad had evidently “pumped” George, so I volunteered to go ashore with a tow-line, and as I was quite fresh, the labour was very slight; as a matter of fact, if quick passages are necessary, I very much recommend this method, especially if the towpaths are good. The distance from the Broad to the mouth of the river is about four

and a-half miles, and when half this distance had been covered, John insisted on taking my place.

Shortly after this change had been made, we came up with three or four donkeys, and George suggested to Jack that he should try and harness one to the line. I scarcely need say this was attempted forthwith, but all efforts to carry the idea into execution proved unavailing, as every time the boat came near enough for John to make a rush for the nearest donkey, off they all started.

I must not forget to tell of an enormous number of starlings we saw just before we gained Ludham ; for some minutes before we reached the yacht large detachments appeared to be arriving from all parts and making a common centre in a marsh a little to the north of the bridge. As we came up to the spot, we all three shouted at the tops of our voices, and the result was worth all the exertion. A great body of the birds rose with a wonderful rushing noise, which sounded strange in the stillness prevailing around. So vast was their number that they seemed to resemble a heavy cloud, and altogether it was a sight well worth seeing. In this connection I would especially direct the attention of visitors from London to the opportunity they have of making a study of the ornithology of the Broad district. Of course I refer to the grand collection of wild birds at the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, to which Lord Walsingham has so liberally contributed, and to whom I believe the "happy thought" of placing them apart owes its inception. I was recently looking through the collection, and was particularly struck with the beautifully lifelike manner in which the subjects were mounted.

On boarding the Buttercup we lost no time in getting away, as signs of twilight were showing. Whilst one took the "quant," another started on shaking the reefs out of and hoisting the sails; but when we once again floated on the Bure, both the day and the wind were nearly spent. As we slowly sail past the Abbey, I may say that this is a very favourite fishing-ground, and any day in the season half-a-dozen or more fishing-parties will be found located here, and good takes are often reported.

Somehow, as we draw on to our resting-place, night appears to close around more quickly than usual, and presently we see on our left the pale light of the crescent moon. It is the first time we have seen it, therefore we make much ceremony of "turning our money." I am afraid I must not attribute to this cause the fact that almost immediately after a nice little breeze sprang up, but certain it is that such was the case.

As we passed Thurn mouth, the old eel-setter wished us a cheery good-night. As I have mentioned these eel-sets before in the course of our wanderings, it may not be out of place to say something about them. Many a time as one sails along in the early evening on our waterways, these primitive Noah's Ark-like structures (which during the day have appeared quite deserted) will be found to be occupied, and as the yacht drifts past, the eel-setter salutes. Although it may not, perhaps, be noticed by the unobservant tourist, yet the eel-catcher has not emerged from his hut for the sole purpose of "speaking" the wherry or yacht. The fact is, his nets demand unceasing attention, or they would soon be destroyed. They consist of a wall of fine-meshed net,

“stretched quite across the river, fastened by ropes to stakes on either bank, the bottom being kept down by means of lead sinkers, and the upper line supported by cork floats. As the streams are navigable, the net has to be sunk to the bottom on the approach of a wherry ; this is done by means of three lines attached to the top line, and led through blocks fixed to stakes at the bottom of the water to the eel-setter’s hut on the shore. By hauling on these lines, the net is sunk to the bottom, and the craft passes over without injuring the nets ; after which it is raised to the surface again. In this long wall of net are three or four openings, to which purse-nets about eighteen feet long, stretched on hoops like bow-nets, are attached, the far end being closed ; these “pods,” as they are called, are extended down-stream and fastened to stakes in the river bottom, their positions being marked by floats. The eel-sets are worked at night during the autumn months, and when the fish are running to the sea ; therefore, of course, only while the water is ebbing.”

I have quite lately had a long chat with the proprietor of the eel-set at Thurn, and he was good enough to give me some very interesting details of his particular “set,” which has four “pods.” He informed me that eels up to seven pounds in weight had been captured, but that it was a very rare thing for any other fish to be caught.

CHAPTER XV.

UP THE MUCK FLEET TO FILBY, ROLLESBY, AND ORMESBY.

The early part of the morning of the last day of our trip was devoted to a regular clean-up; the sails, although we had decided to dispense with their use throughout the day, were hoisted and given a thorough airing, as the heavy dews of the night before had made them very damp. Along the boom we hung numerous towels and other things to dry, and one way and another were not surprised at several wherrymen calling out as they passed "that they supposed it was washing-day."

I should say that all this took place before breakfast, after which we walked to the village for letters. To our surprise, however, none had arrived for us, although we had expected to hear from "our mutual friend" Braddy, who, it will be remembered, spent the first day with us. "Why not wire and ask him to come?" suggested John. The same idea had also occurred to me; so we telegraphed him to start by next train. On returning to the village about two hours later, we were met by the 'bus, but, to our surprise, Braddy was not amongst the occupants. The driver, however, handed us a letter from our missing friend, who therein expressed his regret that "another engagement would prevent his turning up."

As I have already remarked, we did not intend using our canvas, and I daresay some may have wondered what in the world we proposed doing with ourselves during the day. The fact is, we were bound on a journey to a section of the Broad district drained by a tiny channel called the "Muck Fleet," which I have referred to elsewhere. This dyke empties between Stokesby and Acle, and is so small that only the very smallest craft can get up. It happened that I had never explored this diminutive waterway, although the Broads of which it formed the outlet were well known to me.

By reference to the map it will be seen that the Muck Fleet runs into the river some distance from Acle Bridge, and the first part of it is parallel with the bridge reach. In order to save this row, we determined on taking the dinghey out of the water and striking across country for the Fleet. The tiny dotted line on the sectional map (at page 50) will show our route. Many a time since, in recalling the adventures of that day, I have enjoyed a laugh at our struggles to get the boat along. We eventually succeeded in gaining our end, and the amount of labour expended was certainly far less than the more usual plan would entail; so if any of my readers follow in our footsteps, they may rely on a saving of both time and effort. At the point where we launched the dinghey the little stream is crossed by a substantial wood bridge, and the view from this is very pretty, as a long belt of trees borders the eastern side.

After pushing our way under the bridge, which was very easily accomplished, George went ashore with a tow-line, and we bowled along in fine style. Presently we came to another obstacle in the shape of a bridge, and here the first real

difficulty met us. Adopting the same tactics as previously used, we lay down flat in the boat and endeavoured to pull through. Imagine our feelings when half-way under we stuck fast. Here was a nice muddle to be landed in, and to make matters worse, George was roaring with laughter above our heads. How we both wished we had taken the line! After struggling for some little time, John proposed that we should rest awhile and refresh ourselves with a glass of beer—a proposition to which I readily assented. So we filled our glasses, and, much to George's disgust, "drank to his very good health."

When we again attempted to proceed, we hit upon the plan of getting George to force the boat down with an oar through one of the spaces between the planks. The first trial of this proved a failure, but a second effort resulted in our just freeing ourselves. The third fixed obstacle is a foot-bridge, and its negociation is a comparatively easy matter, although a certain amount of "jamming" has to be gone through. The higher we got up the dyke, the more shallow it became, and it was deemed advisable for a second man to leave the boat, so as to lighten it. John elected to go ashore; so I was the sole occupant—and a not altogether comfortable position it was, as we kept stirring up the mud to such an extent that sometimes the stench was almost unbearable.

"I'm blessed if we are not coming to another bridge," said John presently; but it proved on nearer inspection to be simply a plank thrown across, which could easily be lifted. As we neared the first of the Broads, we saw some curiously small eel-sets, although the usually attendant huts were missing-

The most southerly lake, and consequently the first gained by those who navigate the Muck Fleet, is a fine sheet of water called Filby. Extensive as this Broad undoubtedly is—it covers a hundred and sixty acres—it is only a foretaste of the beauties beyond. Unfortunately, we could not on the present occasion stay to explore, but had to content ourselves with rowing across. Passing under Filby Bridge, over which the “Old Road” (as it is called) to Yarmouth runs, we found ourselves on Rollesby Broad, a finer lake than Filby even.

Pushing on, we at last landed at the Eel’s Foot, which overlooks Ormesby Broad, and fully appreciated the luncheon Host Monsey rapidly prepared for us. Although its name is not particularly euphonious, I can vouch for the comfortable quarters visitors will find at this inn. The fishing is free nearly everywhere, although one or two of the lakes are preserved.

I ought to say that besides the three Broads I have previously mentioned, there are four others, and the angler, who is also generally a keen lover of nature, will find in this piscatorial paradise a thousand and one nooks to explore. I remember once telling a young lady friend of mine in the Fens, who from her exuberant spirits we always called “Bob,” that the Norfolk Broads were the finest places in the world for “spooning.” Instantly she became serious, and enquired what I could mean by such an expression. I explained that it was a process adopted for catching pike, and insisted that this and nothing else had entered my thoughts. The very small second-hand joke, unfortunately for “Miss Robert,” was repeated by her to the brother of a future brother-in-law, and for several days she was unmercifully chaffed. This may

have been a little too bad for "Bob," but whether a field for trailing for the fresh-water shark, or the other "spooning" be sought for, it would be hard to find a more suitable spot than the "Norfolk Lakeland," a term applied particularly to this section by the late Mr Frank Buckland.

Our luncheon over, we walked to the Sportsman's Arms, from which inn we hired a boat to row to the Great Yarmouth Waterworks. (The fact that so large a town draws its water supply from this source will give some idea of its purity.) On disembarking about five or ten minutes later, we were met by the proprietor, whose acquaintance I had made a couple of years before. For the sake of "auld lang syne," we "had a drink" together, and as we left I asked what we were to pay for the hire of the boat. I would rather not say what charge was levied, but from a calculation I have just made, I should estimate the profit on the outlay at not less than 800 per cent., supposing a similar charge is made to all visitors.

I advise any proposing to stay in the locality to choose the Eel's Foot, for added to other advantages attaching to residence there, it has a large garden stocked with flowers, fruit, and vegetables. When we left this beautiful sylvan retreat it was exactly twenty minutes past three, and we determined on pushing our way back as quickly as possible, but not to look at our watches *en route*. Of the journey back to Acle there is little to tell. Profiting by our morning's experience, we did not make such a bother of clearing the bridges; but one incident which happened within half-a-mile of the last of these structures demands mention nevertheless. Walking steadily in front of us for some long time were half-a-dozen bullocks, one of which

appeared to object to our monopoly of the tow-path. Once or twice the animal stopped short, lowing the while in a very threatening manner. Jack and I were both ashore with the line, and when the bullock for a third time made a stand, my chum hurriedly suggested that I should slip the noose from around my shoulders and watch what would follow. With an unflinching front, Jack walked straight up to the animal, which at the last moment turned about and made off, but not quickly enough to prevent him seizing its tail. The terrific war-whoop which Jack gave vent to scared the brute to such an extent that it rushed onward at a tremendous rate, and as the tow-line was still attached to the dinghey, I scarcely need say Mayes' position was not altogether a comfortable one. All round the bows of the little boat the water was rushing like a mill-race, and there seemed every probability that its occupant was in for a wetting; when Jack let go. I must confess that I was so much amused with the incident that I laughed until my sides ached. Indeed, to see my companion sliding along the smooth turf, with his body at an angle of forty-five, and now and again lunging forward as his feet came in contact with some obstruction, but all the while holding on like grim death to the animal's tail, would have excited the risible faculties of any one.

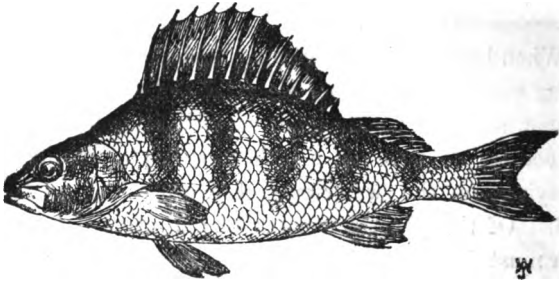
On arriving at Acle Bridge we found, on reference to our watches, we had been exactly ten minutes under two hours in making the passage from the Eel's Foot. I mention this to show how long must be allowed for the journey; although it must be borne in mind that we did it against time, and probably two and a-half hours would be a reasonable estimate. Although we navigated the Fleet on this occasion, I strongly

recommend any who wish to see this section of the district to rail from Potter Heigham to Ormesby, and to hire a boat there.

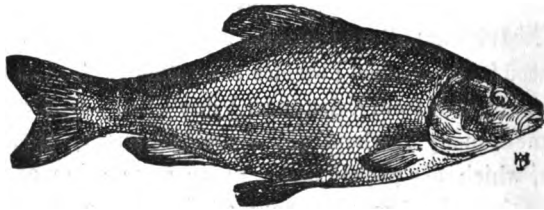
When later on in the evening we left for Norwich (after wishing good-bye to George Mayes, who had throughout the trip done so much to make our vacation an enjoyable one), I must confess we were not a little sorry that our fifteen days' journeyings on the waterways of Norfolk and Suffolk had ended. Of the general success of our cruise, the account which must here close bears the best testimony, and I will conclude by wishing that all who come to our district for their holidays may enjoy themselves as thoroughly as Jack and I.

In closing the narrative of my trip, I have one more hint to give. It is that all provisions in the shape of grocery, &c., be purchased in the district; besides the bother it entails to bring this kind of stuff from a distance, I don't think it fair to local tradesmen, many of whom now make a speciality of yachting parcels, which are packed and sent to any station at a very short notice. In Norwich, many of the large grocers will be found equal to any London stores, both for quality and price. I should not have mentioned this, but that a case recently came to my notice where three large boxes of grocery had been sent from Birmingham.

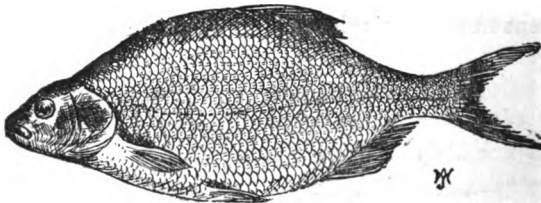
**FISH INDIGENOUS TO NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK
WATERS.**



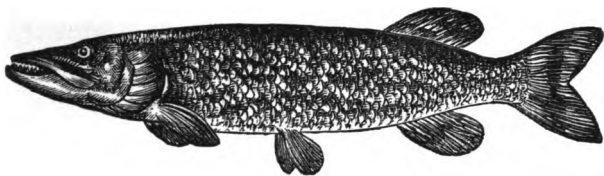
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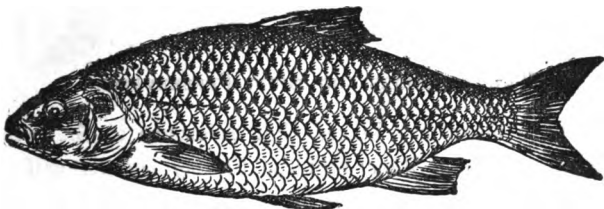
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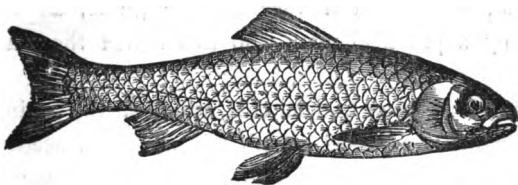
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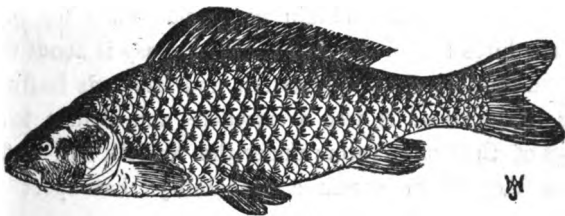
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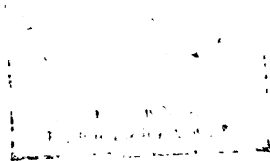
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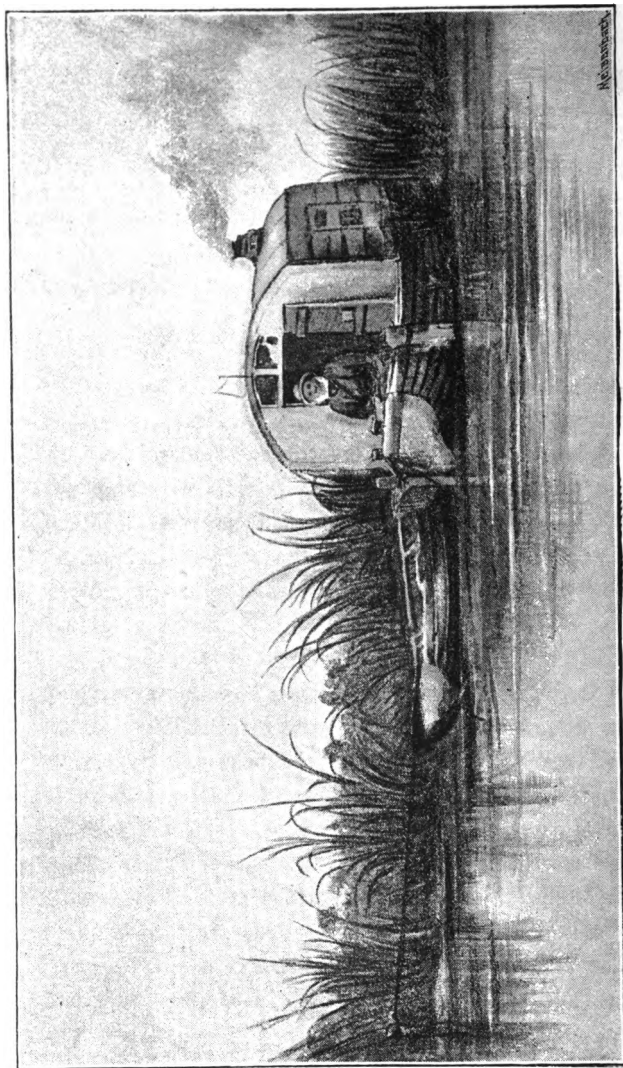
CHAPTER XVI.

THE FISHERIES AND THEIR PRESERVATION.

I have elsewhere hinted that reference to the weekly reports in *Land and Water* and the *Fishing Gazette* will give the best current information as to where the fish are "on the feed." Whilst these reports must not be accepted as infallible, so great being the glorious uncertainty of things piscatorial, they form a very reliable guide, as they are written by a practical man, who has fished the waters for years.

It will have been noticed that nearly all the fishing headquarters which we passed on our trip are easily accessible by railway. Horning Ferry is one of the exceptions; but Mr Thompson will send a trap to Wroxham Station (four miles) to meet any train, by arrangement. Those wishing to fish on Hickling Broad must obtain permission from Mr James Nudd, who hires the Broad, which I should say is about three miles from Catfield Station (Eastern and Midlands Railway). Fishing in the rivers is free everywhere, and thanks to the Bye-laws of the Conservators under the Norfolk and Suffolk Fisheries Act, there seems a probability that sport will improve.





AN EEL-CATCHER'S HUT.

There is one point to which I would direct the attention of visitors, which is that unless these waters were preserved the sport could not possibly be so good as it undoubtedly is. Probably nowhere in England can better coarse fishing be found than in our waterways, and, in common fairness, those who come down and fish the waters (sometimes for weeks together) ought to subscribe to those local societies which support the watchers. The chief, and parent, association is called the Yare Preservation Society, and to this body belongs the credit not only of originating fresh-water fishery legislation, but also of setting on foot the fishery exhibition movement.

Lord Walsingham, the President of the society for the year, at a recent annual dinner paid a high compliment to the valuable work it had been instrumental in effecting, associating especially therewith the name of Mr I. O. Howard Taylor. Of this gentleman's work I may have something to say in a future book, but for the present I ask those who come here for their holidays to show their appreciation of his society's efforts by posting a donation to the Secretary, Mr C. J. Greene, of Norwich, or by dropping something substantial into the boxes at the stations on the river. Last year the magnificent sum of one pound and a penny was received from the boxes, while of the 845 members of the Y.P.S., less than a dozen live outside the district. It is just possible that many who in the past have spent jolly holidays in Norfolk have not given a thought to the matter, but I venture to express the hope that when next year's reports of the various Preservation Societies are published, we shall see ten times the number of visitors' names in the lists.

FISHERY BYE-LAWS.

The following Bye-laws have been made by the Board of Conservators appointed under the Norfolk and Suffolk Fisheries Act, 1877, and approved:—

CLOSE TIME.—ALL WATERS.

1.—No person shall fish for, catch, take, or kill, or attempt to catch, take, or kill, otherwise than by rod and line, within the limits of the above Act, any Trout, between the 10th day of September and the 25th day of January, both days inclusive, or any other kind of fish, between the 1st day of March and the 30th day of June, both days inclusive, except Smelts, Bait, and Eels, as hereinafter provided.

NETS GENERALLY.

2.—No person shall, for the purpose of taking Fish within the limits of the above Act, do any of the following things:—

- (1.) Use or attempt to use any Net between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise, except in the River Ouse below Denver Sluice, and in the River Nene below Wisbeach Bridge.
- (2.) Use or attempt to use, at any time within three years after the 30th day of June, 1884,* for the purpose of taking Fish, other than Tench, Smelts, Bait, and Eels, any Net having a mesh of less dimensions when wet than three inches from knot to knot, measured on each side of the square, or twelve inches all round.
- (3.) Use or attempt to use any Net having a wall or facing, with a mesh of less dimensions when wet than seven inches from knot to knot, measured on each side of the square, or 28 inches all round.
- (4.) Use or attempt to use, in any navigable river, any Bow Net.

* This has been extended from time to time.

- (5.) Use or attempt to use, in any navigable river, any Drag Net having a poke or pocket.
- (6.) Use or attempt to use a drag net of any kind in the under-mentioned waters :—
 - (1.) The River Yare or Wensum—
 - (2.) The River Waveney—
 - (3.) The River Bure below the lower entrance into Wroxham Broad—
 - (4.) The River Ant, below the lower entrance into Barton Broad—
 - (5.) The River Thurne, below the entrance into Somerton Broad—

except with the previous permission in writing of the Board of Conservators, under their Common Seal.

3.—No person shall, within the limits of the above Act, use, or attempt to use, any Net for taking Fish, unless it is sufficiently weighted to sink vertically in the water, or take, or attempt to take, Fish by placing two or more Nets behind or near to each other, or use any other device or artifice so as practically to diminish the size of the mesh of any Net allowed to be used by these Bye-laws, or to evade this provision.

PROHIBITING USE OF TRIMMERS, &C., IN NAVIGABLE RIVERS.

4.—No person shall use, or attempt to use, any Trimmer, Ligger, Dead Line, or Snare, or any like Instrument or Engine, for the purpose of taking Fish in any navigable river within the limits of the above Act, except Lines for taking Eels as hereinafter provided.

TAKING SMELTS.—RIVERS YARE AND WENSUM.

5.—No person shall, within the limits of the above Act, use, or attempt to use, any Net in the River Yare or Wensum for the purpose of taking Smelts, except a Cast Net or Drop Net, between the 10th day of March and the 12th day of May, both days inclusive, and then only between the New Mills, in the parish of Saint Swithin, in the City of Norwich, or Trowse Bridge, in Trowse, or Trowse Newton, and the junction of the Rivers Yare and Wensum at a place known as Trowse Hythe, and between Hardley Cross and the junction of the Rivers Yare and Waveney.

6.—No person shall use, or attempt to use, a Cast Net or Drop Net exceeding 16 feet in diameter, in the River Yare or Wensum, within the limits of the above Act.

TAKING SMELTS.—RIVER WAVENEY.

7.—No person shall, within the limits of the above Act, use, or attempt to use, in the River Waveney, above the Burgh Cement Works, any Net for the purpose of taking Smelts, except between the 10th day of March and the 12th day of May, both days inclusive, and then only at the places and by the means hereinafter mentioned, viz., between

Rose Hall Fleet, and the Boat-house Hill, near Beccles, and in the pen of Shipmeadow Lock, by a Cast Net or Drop Net not exceeding 16 feet in diameter, and if any such Net be used between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise, the same shall be used with a light or flare, and not otherwise.

TAKING SMELTS.—RIVERS OUSE, NAR, AND NENE.

8.—No person shall, within the limits of the above Act, take or kill or attempt to take or kill, Smelts in the Rivers Ouse, Nar, or Nene, between the 1st day of April and the 31st day of August, both days inclusive.

9.—No person shall, within the limits of the above Act, use, or attempt to use, in the Rivers Ouse, Nar, or Nene, for the purpose of taking Smelts, any net having a mesh of less dimensions, when wet, than five-eighths of an inch from knot to knot, measured on each side of the square.

TAKING SMELTS.—BREYDON WATER.

10.—No person shall, within the limits of the above Act, use or attempt to use, in the water known as Breydon Water, for the purpose of taking Smelts, any Net in the months of May, June, July, and August, or any Net between the 1st day of September and the 30th day of April, both days inclusive, having a mesh of less dimensions, when wet, than five-eighths of an inch from knot to knot, measured on each side of the square.

TAKING BAIT.—NAVIGABLE RIVERS.

11.—No person shall, for the purpose of taking Bait in any navigable river within the limits of the above Act (except in the River Ouse below Denver Sluice, and in the River Nene below Wisbeach Bridge), use any Net other than a Cast Net, or any Cast Net having a mesh of less dimensions, when wet, than five-eighths of an inch from knot to knot, measured on each side of the square.

TAKING BAIT.—ALL WATERS.

12.—No person shall, within the limits of the above Act, use, or attempt to use, any Cast Net exceeding eight yards in circumference, or having a sack or purse exceeding 14 inches in depth, when extended, for the purpose of taking Fish for Bait, and the word "Bait" shall mean Roach, Rudd or Roud, Bream, Dace, Ruff or Pope, Gudgeons, and Minnows, measuring less than eight inches from the nose to the fork of the tail.

13.—No person shall, within the limits of the above Act, Net for Bait at any time on a Sunday; and no person shall, within such limits, Net for Bait at any time on a week-day except between one hour before sunrise and one hour after sunset, nor unless such Bait is for use in angling, or trolling, or taking Eels within the limits of the above Act.

TAKING EELS.—RIVERS YARE AND WENSUM, ABOVE HARDLEY CROSS.

14.—No person shall, for the purpose of taking Eels in the Rivers Yare and Wensum, above Hardley Cross, do any of the following things :—

- (1.) Use or attempt to use in the months of April, May, and June, a line with a hook or hooks, except in connection with a rod used for the purpose of Angling.
- (2.) Use or attempt to use any Net in the months of April, May, and June.
- (3.) Use or attempt to use at any other time of the year a Line, whether fixed or not, with more than one hook, except in connection with a rod used for the purpose of Angling.
- (4.) Use or attempt to use any Net other than a Skim or Skein Net.

TAKING EELS.—ALL OTHER WATERS.

15.—In all other waters within the limits of the above Act, lines with one hook only, whether fixed or not, and fixed Nets, but no others, may be used at any time for taking Eels only.

16.—No person shall use or attempt to use, in any water within the limits of the above Act, a Dag or Spear, for the purpose of taking Fish other than Eels.

17.—Any person, within the limits of the above Act, taking any Fish except Smelts, Eels, or Bait, in any Net allowed by these Bye-laws to be used for taking Smelts, Eels, or Bait respectively, shall immediately return such first-mentioned Fish to the water without avoidable injury.

18.—The foregoing Bye-laws shall not apply to any other than fresh-water Fish, or to the water known as Breydon Water, except as to Smelts, as hereinbefore provided.

By Section 13 of the above Act it is enacted that any person acting or attempting to act in contravention of any Bye-law made in pursuance of that Act shall for each such offence incur a penalty of not exceeding £10, in addition to the forfeiture of the Nets or Instruments used in contravention of such Bye-law.

And by Section 14, any Officer of the Conservators, or any Police Constable or other Police Officer is authorised, within the limits of the Act, to stop and search any wherry or boat in which he shall have reasonable ground for believing there are any Fish taken, or any Nets, Engines, Trimmers, Liggers, or other instruments used or intended to be used for the taking of Fish within such limits, in contravention of any Bye-law, and to seize and detain such Nets or other things, and to proceed in the matter in the mode prescribed by the said Act. And any person refusing to allow such wherry or boat to be so stopped and searched, or resisting or obstructing such search, will for every such offence be liable to a penalty of not exceeding £5:

LIST OF FISHING HEADQUARTERS.

AOLE	Mr Edward Rose, Bridge Inn. Mr William Pearce, Queen's Head. Mr J. Mitchley, King's Head.
BRUNDALL	H. Flowers & Co., Yare Hotel.
BUCKENHAM	Mr Garrett, Ferry Inn.
CANTLEY	Mr J. A. Goldspink, Red House.
COLTISHALL	Mr Catcheside, White Horse.
FRITTON	Mr J. Hallam, Fritton Old Hall.
HERRINGFLEET	Mrs C. Glasspool, Bell Inn.
HORNING	Mr George Thompson, Ferry Hotel. Mr James Lockett, New Inn.
ORMESBY	Mr Edward Monsey, Eel's Foot. Mr S. Richmond, Sportsman's Arms.
OULTON	Mr George Mason, Wherry Hotel. Mrs Stebbings, Commodore Inn.
POTTER HEIGHAM	Mr Edward Laws, Waterman's Arms, Repps-cum-Bastwick. Mr George Edward, Falgate Inn.
REEDHAM	Mr George Fowler, Ferry Inn. Mr W. C. Hunting, Railway Hotel.
STALHAM	Mr Morfrey, Maid's Head. (for Barton Broad) Mr Daniel Bilham, The Swan.
SURLINGHAM	Mr F. Chapman, Ferry House. Mr Edward Brown, Coldham Hall.
WROXHAM	Mr William Youngs, Castle Inn. Mr C. Whittaker, Horse Shoes, Hoveton St John. Mr J. Jimpson, King's Head, ditto.

TABLE OF RIVER DISTANCES.

FROM CARROW BRIDGE—THE YARE.

	<i>Miles.</i>			<i>Miles.</i>
Trowse Hythe ...	about	$\frac{1}{2}$	Langley Dyke ...	about 11 $\frac{3}{4}$
Thorpe Second Bridge ..	,,	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Cantley Red House ...	,, 12 $\frac{3}{4}$
Whitlingham Ferry ...	,,	2	Devil's House ...	,, 13 $\frac{1}{4}$
Corby's Dyke... ..	,,	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	Hardley Mill ...	,, 14
Postwick Grove ...	,,	3	Dyke ...	,, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$
Hall ...	,,	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	Cross ...	,, 15 $\frac{1}{4}$
Wood's End	,,	4	Reedham Ferry ...	,, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$
Wild's Cottage	,,	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	End of New Cut ..	,, 17
Surlingham Ferry ...	,,	5 $\frac{3}{4}$	Upper Seven Mile House ..	,, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$
Coldham Hall	,,	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	Berney Arms... ..	,, 20 $\frac{3}{4}$
Walpole's Reed Bush ..	,,	9	Burgh Flats	,, 21
Buckenham Ferry ...	,,	10	Yarmouth Drawbridge ..	,, 25
Hassingham Dyke ...	,,	10 $\frac{3}{4}$	Gorleston Pierhead ...	,, 27 $\frac{1}{4}$

FROM YARMOUTH BRIDGE—THE YARE.

	<i>Miles.</i>			<i>Miles.</i>
Burgh Flats	about	4	Buckenham Ferry ...	about 15
Berney Arms... ..	,,	4 $\frac{1}{4}$	Walpole's Reed Bush ..	,, 16
Upper Seven Mile House ..	,,	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	Coldham Hall	,, 17 $\frac{1}{4}$
Reedham Ferry (End of New Cut)	,,	8	Surlingham Ferry ...	,, 19 $\frac{1}{4}$
Reedham Ferry	,,	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	Wild's Cottage	,, 20 $\frac{3}{4}$
Hardley Cross	,,	9 $\frac{3}{4}$	Wood's End	,, 21
Dyke	,,	10 $\frac{3}{4}$	Postwick Hall	,, 21 $\frac{1}{4}$
Mill	,,	11	Grove	,, 22
Devil's House... ..	,,	11 $\frac{3}{4}$	Corby's Dyke	,, 22 $\frac{3}{4}$
Cantley Red House ...	,,	12 $\frac{1}{4}$	Whitlingham Ferry ...	,, 23
Langley Dyke	,,	13 $\frac{1}{4}$	Thorpe Second Bridge ..	,, 23 $\frac{1}{2}$
Hassingham Dyke ...	,,	14 $\frac{1}{4}$	Trowse Hythe	,, 24 $\frac{1}{2}$
			Carrow Bridge	,, 25

FROM REEDHAM BRIDGE—THE WAVENEY.

	<i>Miles.</i>		<i>Miles.</i>
Herringfleet Bridge	about 3	Mutford Lock	... about 9½
Somerleyton Bridge...	" 4½	Lowestoft Bridge	... " 11½
Oulton Dyke ...	" 7½	" Pierhead ...	" 11½
" Broad	" 8½		

FROM YARMOUTH BRIDGE.

THE WAVENEY.

	<i>Miles.</i>		<i>Miles.</i>
Burgh Cage about 4½	Beccles Bridge	... about 23
St Olaves Bridge	... " 9½	Nine Poplars	... " 24½
Mouth of New Cut...	" 9½	Dawson's Dip House	" 24½
Somerleyton Bridge...	" 12½	Barsham's Boat House	" 25½
Carlton Share Mill ...	" 16½	Mouth of Oulton Dyke	" 15
Seven Mile Corner ...	" 17½	Horse Shoe Point	... " 16
Six Mile Corner	... " 18½	Oulton Broad	... " 16½
Worlingham Staithe	" 20	Mutford Bridge	... " 17½
Aldeby Staithe	... " 20½	Lowestoft Bridge	... " 19
Beccles Mill ...	" 21	Length of New Cut...	" 2½
Sayer's Grove	... " 22		

THE BURE.

	<i>Miles.</i>		<i>Miles.</i>
Three Mile House	... about 3	Mouth of Ant	... about 17½
Runham Swim	... " 5½	Horning Ferry	... " 21
Six Mile House	... " 6½	Horning Point	... " 22
Seven Mile House	... " 8½	Wroxham Broad	... " 25½
Stokesby Ferry	... " 10	Wroxham Bridge	... " 27
Acle Bridge	... " 12	Belaugh	... " 31
Fishley Mill	... " 12½	Coltishall Bridge	... " 34
Thurne Mouth	... " 15½	Aylsham Bridge	... " 45
St Benet's Abbey	... " 17		

THE THURNE.		THE ANT.	
	<i>Miles.</i>		<i>Miles.</i>
Thurne Mouth ...	about 15½	Mouth of Ant... ..	about 17½
Potter Heigham Bridge ..	19	Ludham Bridge	18½
Kendall Dyke	19½	Mouth of Barton Broad ..	21½
Hickling Staithe	22½	End of Barton Broad ..	22½
		Stalham	23½
		Stalham Staithe	24½
From Thurne Mouth to Potter Heigham Bridge ... about 3½			
.. ..	Kendall Dyke	4½
.. ..	Martham Broad	5½
.. ..	Mouth of Old Meadow Dyke	5½
.. Palling and Waxham Cut	6½
.. ..	Waxham Bridge	8½
.. ..	Palling	10½
.. ..	Hickling Staithe	7
.. ..	Catfield	7½
From Ant Mouth to Ludham Bridge... .. ¾			
.. ..	Mouth of Barton Broad	4½
.. ..	End of	5
.. ..	End of Stalham Broad	6
.. Staithe	6½

HIGH WATER AT YARMOUTH BAR.

FROM APRIL TO OCTOBER, 1887.

DAY.	APRIL.		MAY.		JUNE.		JULY.		AUG.		SEP.		OCT.		DAY.
	mor.	even.	mor.	even.	mor.	even.	mor.	even.	mor.	even.	mor.	even.	mor.	even.	
	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	
1	1 21	1 51	2 11	2 49	4 24	4 57	5 0	5 29	6 51	7 20	8 21	8 42	8 37	8 54	1
2	2 26	3 4	3 29	4 7	5 25	5 55	6 0	6 32	7 47	8 11	9 2	9 20	9 10	9 26	2
3	3 43	4 22	4 43	5 17	6 26	6 53	7 2	7 29	8 35	8 58	9 37	9 54	9 41	9 56	3
4	5 3	5 41	5 51	6 23	7 19	7 44	7 55	8 19	9 19	9 40	10 10	10 26	10 11	10 26	4
5	6 17	6 51	6 52	7 16	8 8	8 33	8 43	9 8	9 59	10 17	10 42	10 58	10 41	10 56	5
6	7 19	7 43	7 40	8 5	8 58	9 22	9 31	9 54	10 35	10 53	11 14	11 29	11 12	11 25	6
7	8 5	8 27	8 28	8 52	9 46	10 9	10 16	10 37	11 10	11 27	11 44	11 59	11 42	12	7
8	8 51	9 14	9 16	9 39	10 32	10 52	10 56	11 15	11 44	—	0 15	—	0 17	8	8
9	9 38	10 1	10 3	10 25	11 13	11 34	11 35	11 54	0 1	0 17	0 32	0 50	0 37	1 1	9
10	10 23	10 46	10 47	11 9	11 56	—	—	0 13	0 34	0 51	1 11	1 38	1 31	2 4	10
11	11 8	11 30	11 30	11 53	0 17	0 38	0 32	0 51	1 10	1 32	2 6	2 39	2 41	3 19	11
12	11 52	—	—	0 14	1 0	1 25	1 11	1 34	1 57	2 25	3 13	3 50	4 0	4 40	12
13	0 14	0 36	0 37	1 1	1 52	2 21	1 59	2 26	2 54	3 26	4 30	5 7	5 17	5 53	13
14	0 59	1 26	1 28	1 59	2 52	3 23	2 54	3 23	3 59	4 34	5 45	6 20	6 27	6 55	14
15	1 57	2 31	2 33	3 7	3 53	4 22	3 53	4 23	5 7	5 41	6 52	7 19	7 18	7 41	15
16	3 6	3 43	3 41	4 15	4 51	5 20	4 53	5 23	6 15	6 47	7 43	8 5	8 4	8 27	16
17	4 20	4 59	4 48	5 18	5 48	6 14	5 53	6 22	7 15	7 40	8 29	8 52	8 50	9 13	17
18	5 35	6 7	5 47	6 15	6 39	7 3	6 49	7 15	8 4	8 27	9 15	9 38	9 36	9 59	18
19	6 38	7 4	6 40	7 5	7 25	7 45	7 39	8 2	8 50	9 18	10 10	10 22	10 21	10 43	19
20	7 26	7 45	7 25	7 43	8 6	8 26	8 24	8 46	9 36	10 0	10 44	11 6	11 5	11 27	20
21	8 3	8 20	8 0	8 18	8 46	9 7	9 8	9 31	10 22	10 44	11 29	11 51	11 50	—	21
22	8 36	8 53	8 37	8 55	9 28	9 49	9 53	10 17	11 7	11 29	—	0 14	0 14	0 37	22
23	9 9	9 26	9 13	9 31	10 10	10 32	10 40	11 2	11 51	—	0 36	0 59	1 3	1 34	23
24	9 42	9 57	9 49	10 8	10 53	11 14	11 25	11 48	0 14	0 37	1 26	1 59	2 9	2 47	24
25	10 14	10 31	10 27	10 46	11 37	11 59	—	0 12	1 0	1 25	2 35	3 13	3 25	4 3	25
26	10 47	11 4	11 5	11 25	—	0 25	0 35	0 59	1 54	2 26	3 52	4 31	4 41	5 17	26
27	11 22	11 40	11 46	—	0 49	1 15	1 24	1 52	3 2	3 38	5 9	5 48	5 52	6 24	27
28	—	—	0 8	0 31	1 46	2 18	2 23	2 58	4 15	4 52	6 24	6 54	6 51	7 13	28
29	0 19	0 41	0 56	1 25	2 53	3 27	3 32	4 5	5 28	6 5	7 21	7 42	7 33	7 52	29
30	1 6	1 36	1 58	2 35	4 0	4 30	4 38	5 9	6 41	7 12	8 1	8 19	8 8	8 24	30
31	—	—	3 13	3 48	—	—	5 43	6 19	7 38	8 1	—	—	8 40	8 57	31

High Water at Lowestoft	H.	M	} later than at Yarmouth Bar
„ Cantley	3	0	
„ Coldham Hall	4	0	
„ Oulton	4	0	
„ Horning	4	0	

The tide flows and ebbs in the Bure one hour later than at Yarmouth Bridge.

	<i>Springs.</i>		<i>Neaps.</i>
Rise at Yarmouth	6 feet	...	4½ feet.
„ Lowestoft	6½ „	...	5½ „
„ Cantley	2½ „	...	1½ „
„ Oulton	2 „	...	1¼ „

NOV 11 1937

